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Saturday Review

JANUARY 15, 1972 50¢

COMPULSORY EDUCATION

The Plain People Resist

BY STEPHEN ARONS

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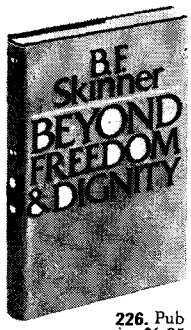

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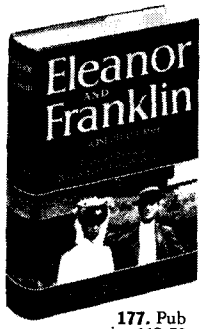

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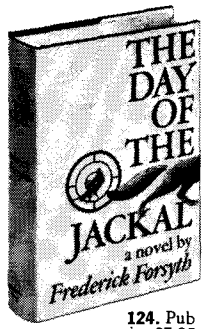

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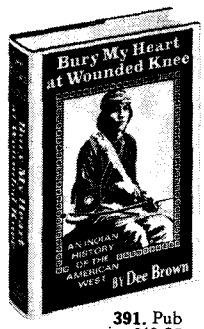

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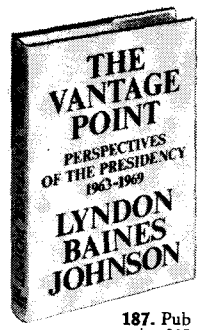

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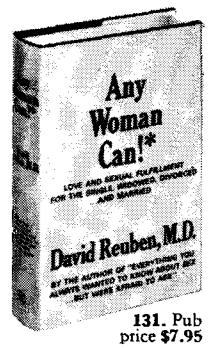

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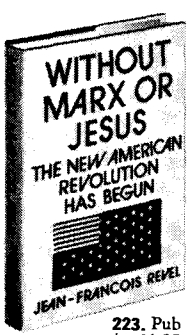

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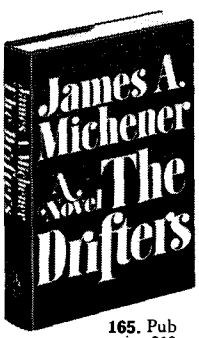

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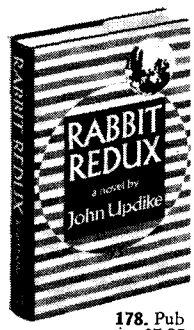

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Fred Astaire
Leslie Uggams
Peter Nero

dancing, singing, playing
51 Gershwin hits on the
BELL SYSTEM FAMILY THEATRE.
Monday night, Jan. 17.
Check your local paper
for time and channel.

January 15, 1972

Saturday Review

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by Stephen Arons

Cover photo: John Launois, Black Star

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Sick Friend

Progress. In the beginning, they told us the national goal was "Two chickens in every pot," to make certain everyone was well fed. And they looked upon the two chickens and saw it was good, although many didn't have a pot to cook them in.

Then they said, "Let there be two cars in every garage," so that every well-fed person could get out into the open and breathe the fresh, clean air. And they looked upon the two cars and saw it was good, although many had only one small garage, and one car stood parked all night in the street.

And when the fumes settled over all the landscape, they saw we were fresh out of fresh, clean air. So they proclaimed, "Two TV sets in every home," to keep us indoors, out of the carbon monoxide. And they looked upon the two TV sets and saw it was good, although the minds of the people were becoming polluted.

But that's another story. So much for prologue. The sermon for today is "The TV Repairman Cometh." Eventually he cometh. He also stalleth. As I discovered when one of my two TV sets—I am one thus blessed—suddenly paled, the color drawn from its cheeks, a guttural rattle in its throat, and a frightening failure to respond to my first aid—frantic twisting of its knobs, kicking its side, and eye-to-eye resuscitation.

It was obviously an emergency. I phoned my TV repairman, who will, when pushed, make a house call. He's from the dedicated, old-fashioned, horse-and-radio days. But this time he asked calmly, "Is that the old set you have up there?" It is. For some fifteen or twenty years, it has seen me through *Philco Playhouse*, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, and *The Lucky Strike Hit Parade*, when smoking was in fashion.

A huge, heavy, yard-square block of wood, it is in my den, to which I retire after the missus has gone to bed. So old is the set that its memory often fails and it shows *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*, Durwood Kirby, the Boswell Sisters, Kate Smith, and once, to my horror, Uncle Miltie in drag. But enough of this pleasant ruminating.

"Hello," shouted the TV repairman, "I haven't time to stand here while you ruminate."

"I'm sorry," I said. "My set needs instant attention."

"Instant?" he replied. "Instant is Friday."

This was Tuesday. His attitude had changed. He was curt.

"But, Kurt," I said, "that's three nights without television."

"Okay, Thursday. Will someone be there?"

"What time?"

"Sometime between nine and six."

I needn't have stayed home all that day. It was late Friday afternoon when he showed up. He turned on the set, and it was ghastly. Pale picture with only a whisper of a sound. It was Channel 4. While he opened up the back of the set to examine its innards, the missus and I hovered anxiously over the patient. We could dimly make out two NBC soap operas, *Bright Promise* and *Somerset*.

Bright Promise had a woman in a hospital bed, in a coma from a blow on the head by persons unknown. *Somerset* showed a woman who had blocked out all details of a murder she had witnessed and who was being given a shot of truth serum to bring back her memory.

"I'll have to get some new tubes for this old set," said the repairman. "I'll be back Monday."

Monday he came again late in the afternoon and turned on the set. There was no improvement—dim picture and almost soundless. Again the missus and I watched *Bright Promise* and *Somerset*. The first woman was out of the coma, but she had blocked out the violent incident, couldn't recall her assailant. The other woman, who had taken the truth serum, was now in shock because the person she remembered seeing at the scene of the murder was her son, Tony.

The tubes he had brought with him, the repairman said, would not do the job. He would be back tomorrow. I had started to remonstrate when my wife said, "Good. Be here at the same time."

The next day he brought other tubes. They worked. They didn't restore the color in vibrant reds and blues, but for its age the set is resting comfortably and shows bright promise to come through its convalescence in good shape. Which is more than can be said for some of the new programs being shown these nights.

That was a month ago. But the trauma of having almost lost the old TV set in our den has left its scar. You just try ringing her phone any weekday during the hour of *Bright Promise* and *Somerset*. She's hooked. We know where her mind is. Now to find a TV repairman for that!

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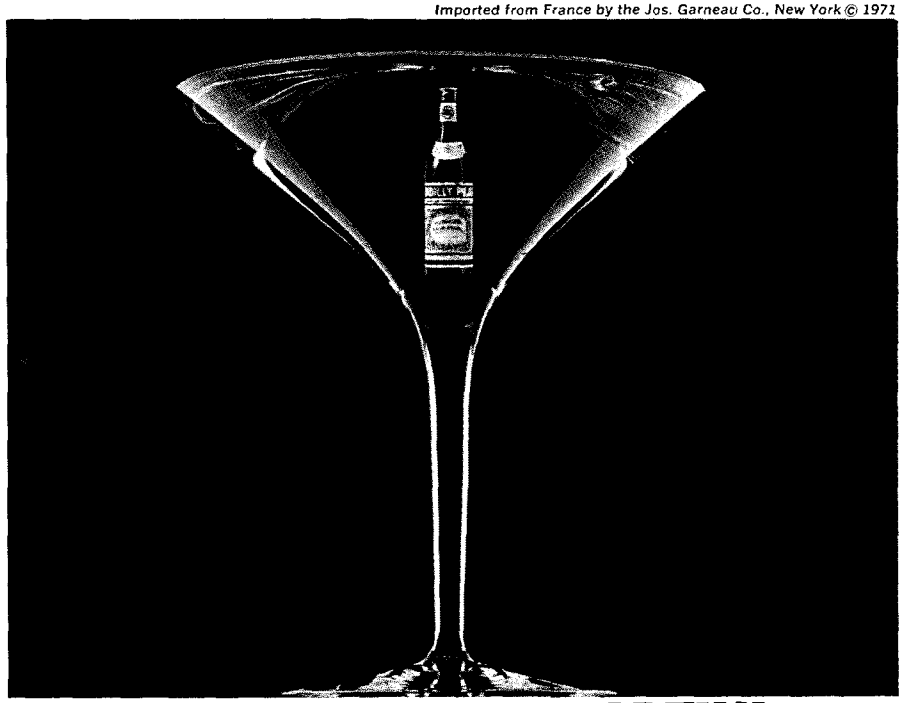

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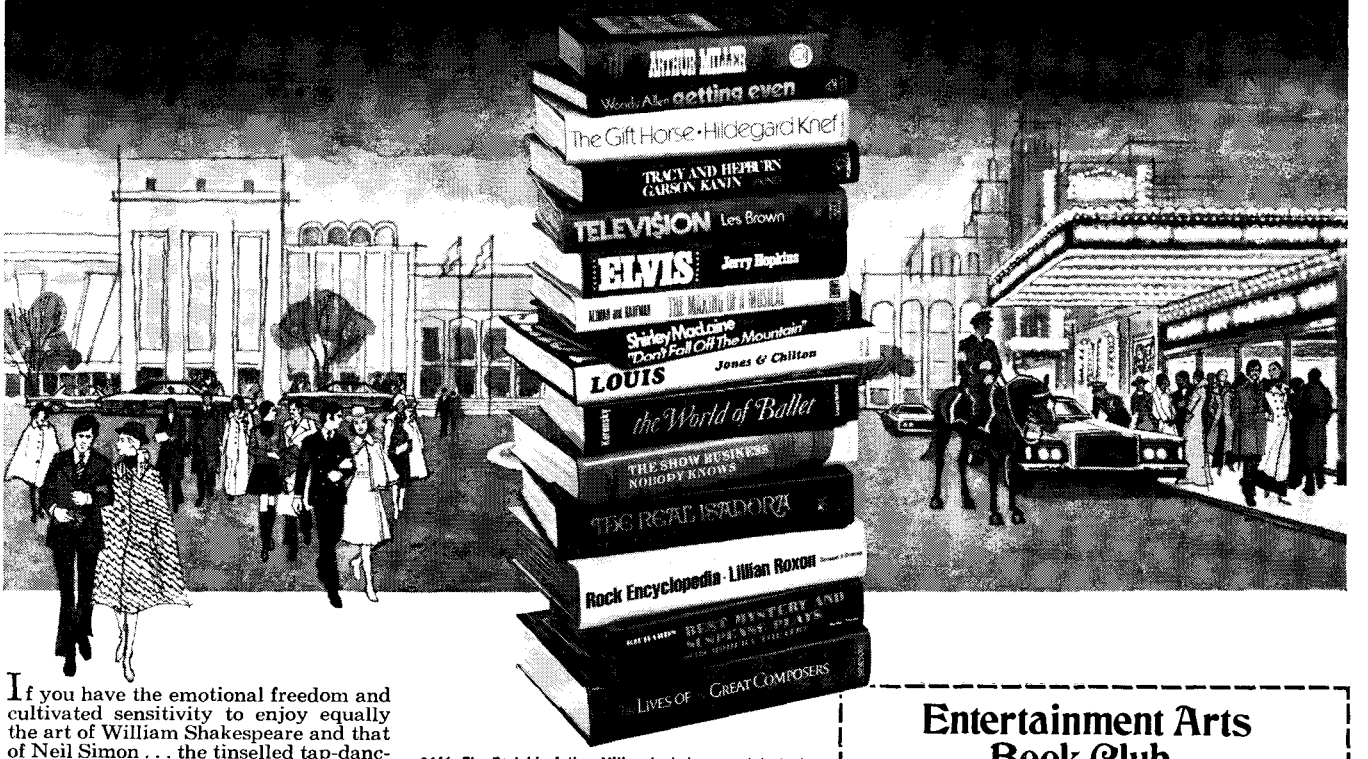
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by Auguste Rodin
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NH-113 AKUA'BA (FERTILITY DOLL)
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Saturday Review can now help you acquire magnificent museum-quality editions of world-famous sculptures...at prices so surprisingly modest, you can rapidly build an enviable collection of masterpieces you and your family will treasure forever.

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ST-204 BEETHOVEN
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AIC-53 METATE (GRINDING BOWL)
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FM-27 HEAD OF A CYCLADIC IDOL
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HM-1 TOGETHER
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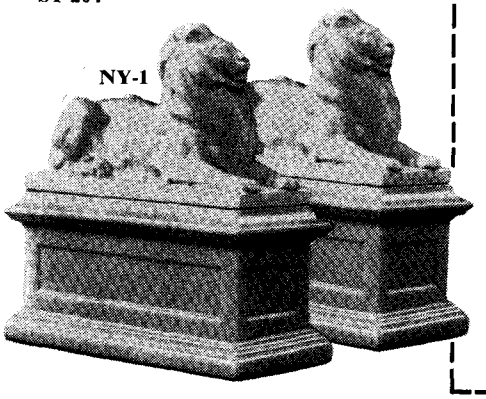

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

&

The most interesting character on my typewriter is, without doubt, the &. It perches atop the figure 7 and looks like a small person in, or getting into, the lotus position, ready for meditation. If not a Zen Buddhist, it might be a dog, with one paw lifted, about to dislodge a bothersome flea.

I am rather fond of the #, which, though less curvaceous than the &, has an element of the masculine and forceful. There is a slightly negative quality about it, suggesting that something has been crossed out or barred, but on the other hand it looks functional. It might be used for playing ticktacktoe, or it might serve as a trellis on which to espalier a plant. A very small plant, of course.

The % also has a certain appeal, one little balloon being attached to the staff and the other resting beneath it. I am likewise intrigued by the @, the tail of the "a" being so long that it sweeps entirely around, forming an enclosing circle. In fact, it seems about to go around a second time. Whoever invented the @ probably wrote with a great flourish, and his signature must have been impressive indeed. Could it have been John Hancock?

But as I said at the outset, my favorite is the &. Of all the characters on my typewriter, it is the most graceful, involuted, and imaginative. I could look at the & for hours without tiring of it, forever seeing new beauty and symbolism. I am thinking of having my wife embroider a large gold & on the pocket of my blue blazer. There is something nautical about it, suggesting to me an anchor. However, it also looks musical, like a treble clef, and I have toyed with the idea of having a stencil made and painting a frieze, &&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&&, on the wall above our piano.

Everyone knows, of course, that the & is an ampersand and that ampersand derives from "and *per se* and," or in other words "& by itself makes and" or "the sign & is by itself equal to and." It is therefore a substitute device, economically taking only one letter space instead of the three spaces required by "and." Over the years, there is no telling how much paper and ink have been saved by this ingenious character.

Finally, I offer a word of caution. If you are speaking and for some reason say "ampersand" instead of "and," perhaps showing off or being profligate with syllables, be sure to pronounce the word carefully. Once when I said "ampersand," a physicist friend of mine thought I said "Ampère's stand." Ampère's stand is "an apparatus for illustrating the directive action of magnets and currents on currents." No wonder my friend was confused, in fact almost as confused as I was when I read this definition of Ampère's stand.

A better way, when speaking, is to trace the sign of the & with your finger. It takes a little practice to do it just right, and you may have to go through a period of being thought a religious mystic. But I guarantee you'll get attention.

Richard Armour

Head of the Class

On a recent Sunday I noticed an article in the *Times* describing the circumstances surrounding the European discovery of a human skull some 200,000 years old. According to the *Times*, this discovery represented a ". . . major epoch in the development of man. . . ." Realizing that none of my students ever penetrated the depths of "The Week in Review" section, even for a major epoch, I decided to make this article the topic of a brief discussion in my first-period class.

Immediately after dispensing with the announcements, flag salute, student government report, Vietnam Day organizational meeting, bus sign-up for the football game, and the passing out of the teacher evaluation forms, we got down to the real substance of education.

Betraying the best instincts of the dedicated inductive educator, I began by asking my class a question to which I definitely knew the answer. "Did anyone happen to read 'The Week in Review' section of this Sunday's *Times*?" Perhaps only lunar explorers and high school teachers on Monday mornings ever confront the sort of landscape that I saw before me. "In it," I continued, "was an article that —Yes, Roger?" Roger had his hand raised.

"Are we responsible for this?" he asked. The question seemed inevitable. I never cease to marvel at my students' ability to totally eliminate from their consciousness any material discussed in class that does not have at least a 75 per cent chance of reappearing on the College Boards, National Merits, or the New York State Regents' examination. On this particular morning, I replied that a twenty-point essay question based entirely on this discussion would appear on the next unit test.

"But you don't give tests," reminded a slightly panicky voice from the rear.

"Just wanted to see if you were paying attention," I answered feebly. Thus, hoisted on my own liberalism, I elected to continue. "This article deals with the discovery of a skull that scientists say is about two hundred thousand years—Yes, Vicki?"

"May I go to the girls' room?"

"Sure," I said. I had long ago learned to permit ad lib early morning girls' room visitation. "At any rate," I went on. "Yes, Laurie?"

"May I go to the girls' room?"

"When Vicki gets back," I said, relieved to notice her signaling to Vicki that she may as well not wait by the door any longer and go on by herself. All those education methods courses I took in graduate school weren't for nothing.

"This skull," I said, "represents—Yes, Angelo?"

"How come we gotta know this stuff?" This was Angelo's standard question, voiced when any new or unfamiliar topic was introduced into the general discussion. I had several snappy replies that I used in rotation, but they had never satisfied me. Angelo knew that I knew that he knew more about the inner workings of my car or anyone else's car, for that matter, than I would ever know about skulls or *Silas Marner* or anything else that I would ever talk about in that class. Although several of my rejoinders were witty enough, none of them even presumed to explain to Angelo why he had to know "this stuff."

"You don't actually have to know this, Angelo, but—"

"Then how come you're talkin' about it in English class?"

"I just thought that it would be interesting to you all to know about this discovery."

"What discovery?" said a confused voice from behind a partially lowered copy of *Seventeen* magazine. "I thought you were talking about a skull." I explained briefly that I had been talking about the discovery of a skull that was 200,000 years old.

"Well, why should anyone care about that now?" said another voice. "It's too late to catch the guy that did it."

"Okay, people," I said in my most pedagogical tone, "let's talk about appositives. You'll need to know this for the Regents." There wasn't a sound in the room.

Michael Krawitz

The Culturally Deprived

Boys visit girls in college rooms.
(It's not against the rule.)
Why not bring back the brothel now
For boys who're not in school?

Will Conway

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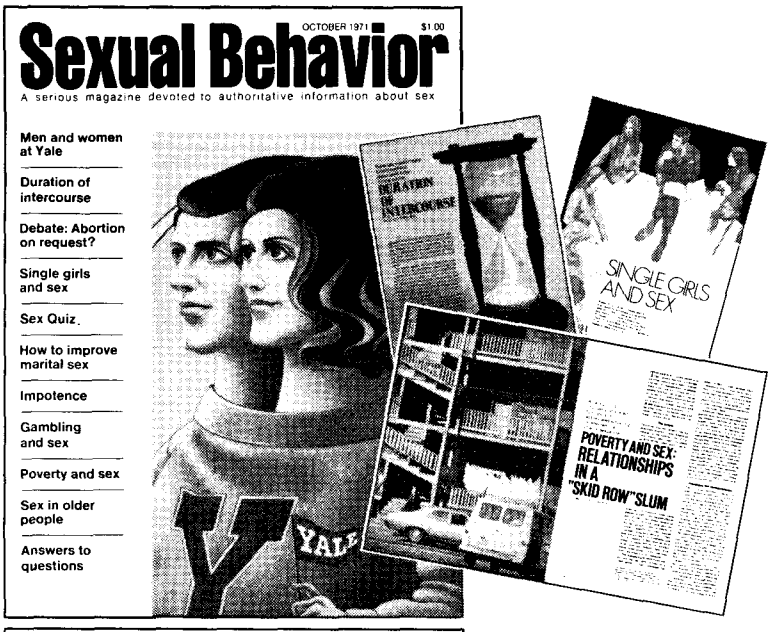
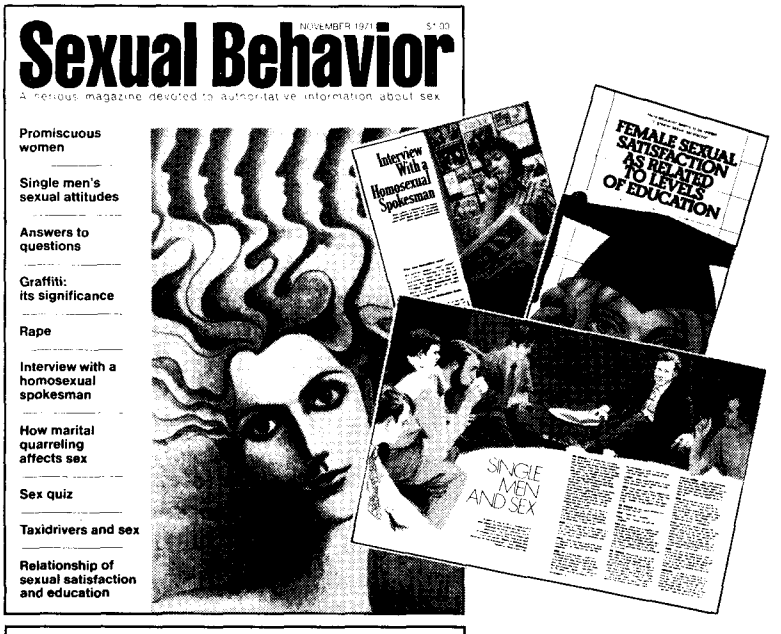
At last...a serious magazine about sex

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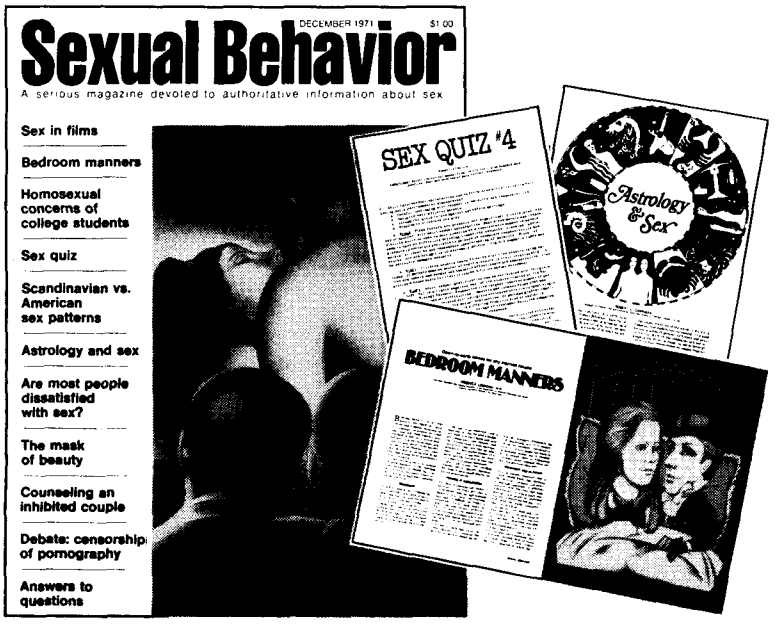

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Headline of the Week was found by Henry Somsen, Jr., in the New Ulm, Minnesota *Daily Journal*:

INDIRA GANDHI DESTROYED HER IMAGE AS MODERN JOAN OF ARCH

Look at it this way—maybe they meant it. Elsewhere on the foreign front, Gwendolyn McKenna of Mount Vernon, New York, located this AP dispatch:

A severe case of influence forced Soviet Defense Minister Andrei A. Grechko to postpone an official visit to Syria, the Iraqi news agency reported today.

Germ peacefare? Anyway, Leonard Rosenthal spotted news from London in the *Chicago Daily News*:

The Commons approved the raise after William Hamilton Bitterly attacked the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and what he saw as an excessive number of ladies of the bedchamber attending the Queen.

Nowadays there's just no pleasing those Bitterlys—in bed or out. Meanwhile, on the domestic front, Arthur Askue supplied us with the best post-Christmas mortem from *The New York Times*:

She (Mrs. Nixon) said the Nixons will limit their gift-giving to the family, but will send a load of toys to the youngsters of Junior Village in Washington.

"We do for others rather than ourselves," she said of the family's Christmas traditions. "The gift to the children's home will be anonymous," she added, "because we don't want to be patronizing."

Okay, mum—and anonymity—is the word. It is always difficult, however, to keep some things in Washington quiet—as witness the fact that many correspondents—Miss Bobby Fuhrer and Mrs. George McNulty being the first—sent us the same item from the *Pittsburgh Press*:

Martha Mitchell, wife of the attorney general, was released from Walter Reed Army Hospital after undergoing tests and treatment for a fever and stomach upset since Monday.

She's had that low-grade secretary, Kristen Forsberg.

Well, just so long as they found the trouble.

Nash Publishing is not only the largest but one of the very few trade houses located on the West Coast. And so, on our recent trip to California, we decided to stop in at their offices on Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard. Nash Publishing is three years old; its president and founder, Edward L. Nash, is thirty-seven. He is a tall, earnest fellow, and the first question we faced him with was, did he feel three hours behind? "No," he said quietly, "we feel twenty-one hours ahead.

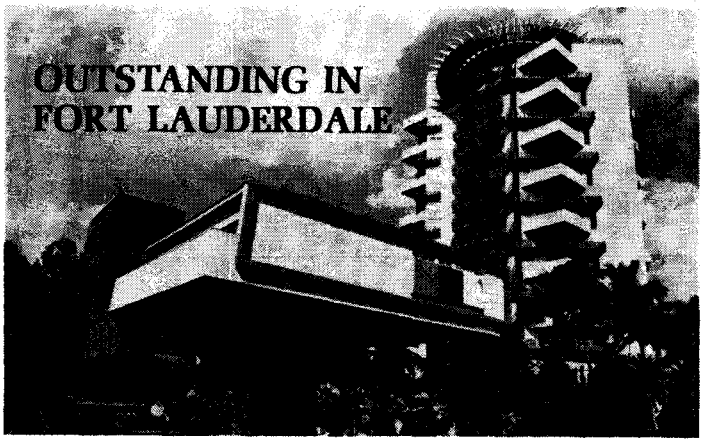
"Do you *realize*," he continued, warming to his task, how many writers *live* here! We think about a third of *all* the writers in America live on the West Coast. They come in and talk with us—with our publicity girl—and they like to, because we're large enough to have all the services yet small enough so we can talk to each other and our authors. Also, I think we have more people actually *involved* with the book than at a large company. When Diamondstein orders five hundred copies of one of our books, every girl here knows about it and cares about it.

"We're not only different from New York in location—we're different in our thinking. The whole Eastern publishing establishment is centered in New York. They all hire people from each other, and they actually publish books to impress each other. And they're scared stiff of reviews."

Mr. Nash picked up a phone. "How many books," he asked, "have we sold to date—since Day One?" There was a pause. "Right." He put down the phone. "One million," he said. "One million books, and we've never had one review in *The New York Times, Saturday Review, Book World,* or the *New York Review of Books.* We've had good reviews in the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Chicago Sun-Times,* but that's it. And now we don't care anymore.

"We've also," he went on evenly, "never been on a single major best-seller list. Even though we've got 103,000 copies in print or on order of Jerry Baker's *Plants Are Like People.* Even though we've actually *sold* more than 100,000 copies of James Kavanaugh's *There Are Men Too Gentle to Live Among Wolves.* Major best-seller lists are run by the Eastern Establishment too."

Nash is the publisher of, among other books, Edith Efron's *The News Twisters*—a book turned down, he told us, by twenty-two publishers—as well as Rabbi Meir Kahane's *Never Again.*



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"Basically," he told us, "what we've had to do is to orient ourselves directly to the mass public—getting authors on TV shows, et cetera. Conversely, we've had to get personable authors. And we do very few novels. We do one or two a season—we have Paul Niemark's *She Lives*, for example—but without a review it's almost impossible to sell a novel.

"There's another thing that makes us different from New York. We tell the truth. I can say to an author, 'I like your book, but I can't afford to publish it.' In New York they may be in exactly the same position, but they can't afford to say it. Also, sometimes you have to tell an author, 'Look, your book is not doing well.' Can you imagine a New York publisher saying that? I think we all have to live with reality, and I don't think you're doing anyone a favor helping them fake it."

Born in New York, the son of a printer, Mr. Nash wanted to be a doctor. "After cutting up a few frogs," he said, "I decided I didn't have the stomach for it." After CCNY, a series of vocational advisory tests steered him into advertising and writing. "I had written school plays and edited the school magazine," he said. "I always thought it was fun, but I never thought it was a way to make a living. I still don't. I want to do something about vocational guidance. Children so often see only the professions—they see only the way of making a living around them. They don't know there are also all kinds of ways of making a living."

When he started on the West Coast there were gift houses such as Price Stein Sloan and novelty houses such as Determined in San Francisco, but that was about it. "Except," he added, "for pornography. Out here pornography is big business."

Mr. Nash has twenty-two employees. His senior editor is Sylvia Cross, a former teacher who never edited before. Mr. Nash lives in West Hollywood with his wife and children.

"The last argument is, of course," he said, "that out here living is good."

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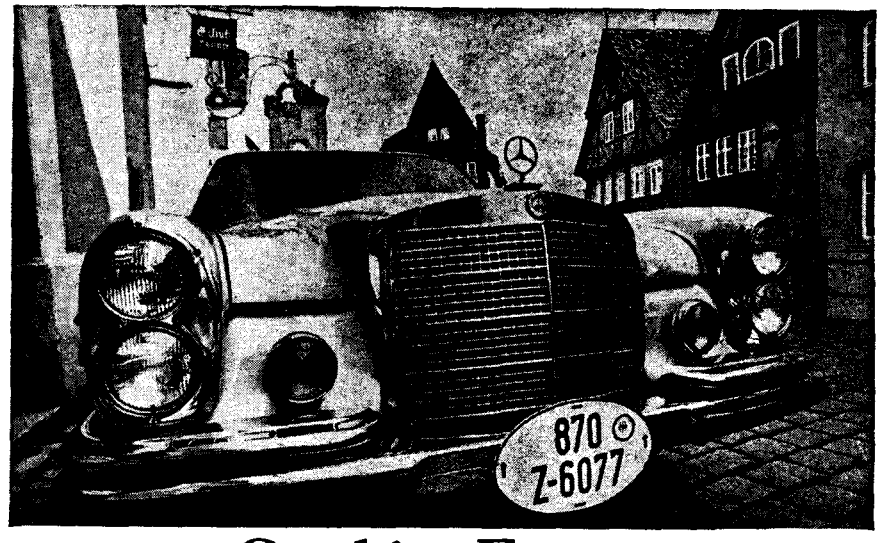

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THE PREDICTION GAME

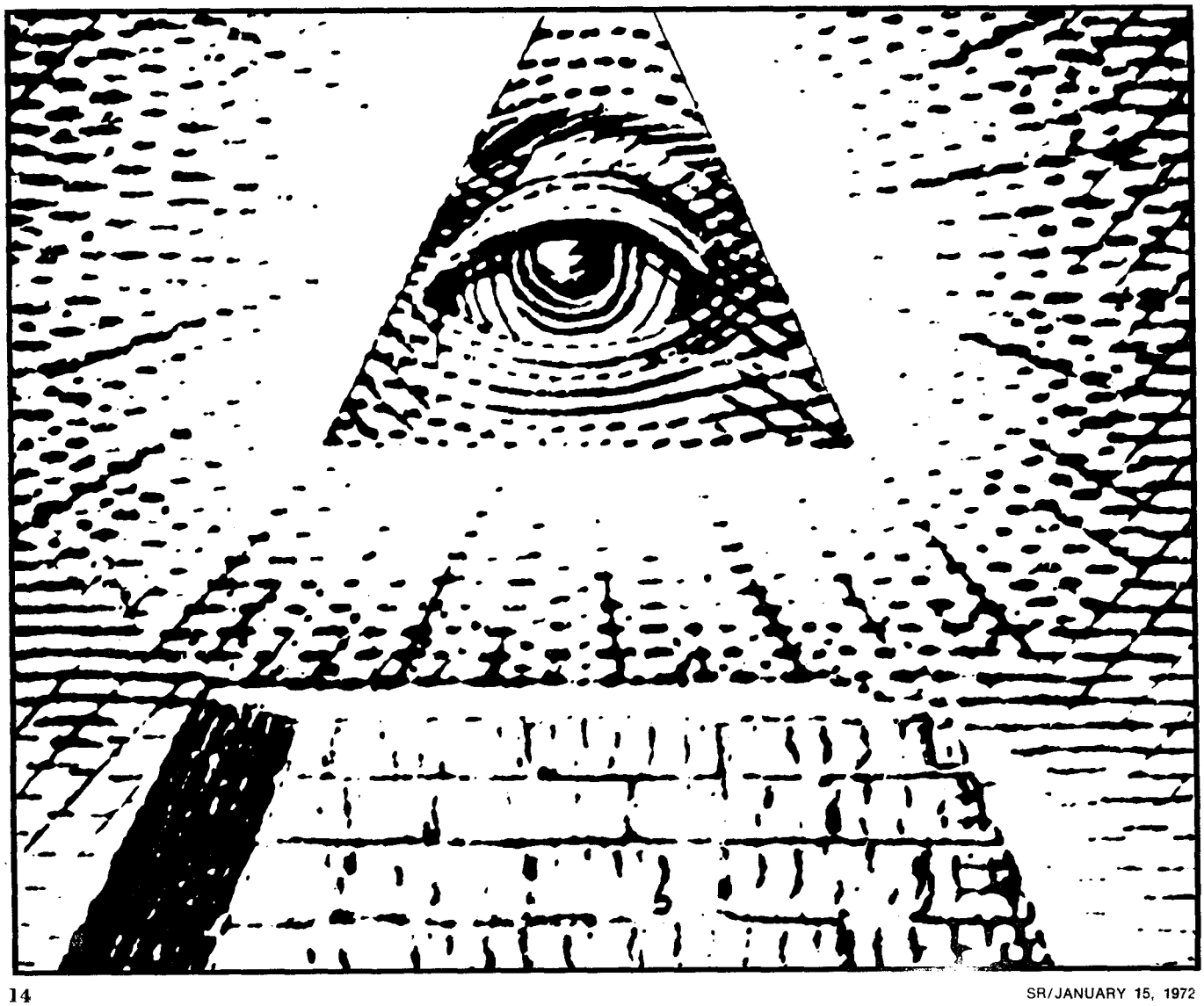
One student of the subject prognosticates with absolute certainty that those who foretell events will always find an eager audience.

by PETER ANDREWS

"Credulity is always greatest in time of calamity." —Charles Mackay, *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds, 1852*

The good Doctor Mackay, who did the prototype hatchet job on the prophet and alchemist crowd more than 100 years ago, has turned out to be a pretty good seer in his own right. Troubled and confused periods in history may be hell on the stock market or national prestige, but, as he said, they have turned out to be boom days for anyone claiming a little psychic insight into the future. Just to indicate that there *is* a future can sometimes be comforting enough. In his memoirs of the Third Reich, Albert Speer pointed out that during the last months of the war Hitler and his inner circle spent a great deal of time consulting astrological charts, often carefully rigged to foretell of happier days ahead. Today, Thieu and Ky are busy with their own astrologers looking for solutions to South Vietnam's problems. In America, trying to predict the future by way of visions, crystal balls, and zodiacal signs has become—not unpredictably—a burgeoning commercial enterprise.

New York commuters shell out as much as $7 at the Astro-Flash Booth in Grand Central Terminal to get their horoscopes read and their fortunes told on a computer-type readout. Sales of old-fashioned Ouija boards have tripled in the past few years, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, and aficionados of precognition now have their own comic book and newsletter to while away the time between tea-leaf readings. Edgar Cayce, the seer and



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"psychic diagnostician" from Virginia Beach who had his heyday during the 1930s and 1940s, has recently been elevated posthumously to a place somewhere between a latter-day Nostradamus, who predicted the momentary rerising of the lost continent of Atlantis, and a one-man Mayo Clinic capable of diagnosing and curing cancer with peanut-oil rubs from 1,000 miles away. Copies of books by or about Jeane Dixon, Washington's own prophetess and real estate saleswoman, sell in the boxcar loads. Mrs. Dixon can regularly be seen doing her stuff on the various late-night TV talk shows, which makes her about the closest thing we have in America to the old court astrologers to Catherine de Médicis.

When a society starts to feel itself hemmed in by evil portents, whether they come as social unease, saber rattling, or erratic Dow-Jones averages, there will always be someone with a faraway look in his bright eyes, shouting, "This way out!" And many of us tend to follow along because at least *he* seems to know where he's going. Therein lies the timeless appeal of psychic prophecy. Nobody really believes that there are people with so special a set of vibrations that they can sense what is to be, but it's such a great idea that even the most cynical of us wants to believe it.

Books on prophecy, usually written well (and safely) after the fact, abound. I have just tottered through a dozen or so of them, historic and current. If I had had an ounce of precognition in my body and had been able to predict what the experience would be like, I never would have done it. Through all of them runs a single strain: How incredible that one person, plugged into the Universal Mind, could be so right about the future so often. Oh, they miss every once in a while. For instance, Mrs. Dixon predicted that the Russians would get to the moon first. But a lot of people were wrong on that one. Cayce predicted that Hitler would be a benevolent influence on Europe and that Mao Tse-tung would be a Christian leader bringing China along the road to international piety. But when you're curing leukemia across the country and worrying about Atlantis popping up off New Jersey at any minute, you can't be expected to peg every politico who happens down the pike. But, their breathless defenders say, look how often they were right. Why, in 1936 Cayce, while hoeing in his garden, saw a vision of bees buzzing around his head and predicted the outbreak of World War II. Assuming for the moment that foretelling war in 1936 really qualifies as a psychic prediction, one wonders how often professional predictors really were right even by their own lights. In their testaments, all the hits are carefully recounted. The misses, even when they are admitted, seem to get lost among the hosannas.

In the prediction dodge, averages are everything. The ones who survive in it, whether they be Jeane Dixon or England's famous old Mother Shipton, are those who can keep their averages high. And like a fight manager who builds up a new boy by taking him out into the sticks and letting him beat up canvasbacks, prophets throughout history have developed a number of ways to keep the averages looking good for the paying crowd. To simply predict the future is just the first step. The trick is to predict it in such a way that even if you aren't always right you are almost never wrong. Far be it from me to deny anyone his powers of precognition, but, even in the most occult of enterprises, there is such a thing as technique.

The first and most time-honored of all predictions is the "Double-ended, Now You See It, Now You Don't" variety. This was the specialty of the Delphic oracle of ancient Greece. Breathing hot fumes and chewing bay leaves, the oracle would go into a trance and throw out seemingly incoherent predictions that actually could be used to cover any bet in the house. The purest example of this heady phenomenon was cited by Cicero, describing the reading given to King Pyrrhus on his way to do battle with Rome. *"Aio te, Aeacides,"* the oracle said, *"Romanos vincere posse."* Which, when translated, means either, "I say unto you, Aeacides, that you can conquer the Romans," or, "I say unto you, Aeacides, that the Romans can conquer you." No wonder Pyrrhus wasn't sure if he had won or lost.

Another of the ancient ploys still in great favor is that Nostradamus variation, the "I'm Sorry, I Didn't Quite Get That" prediction. The secret here, developed to the full by the French seer in the sixteenth century, is to pile on the jargon and the symbolism with so heavy a hand that no one can possibly figure it out until well after the results are in. One of my favorites is:

When the fork is supported by two pillars,
With six half-horns and six open scissors:
The very potent Lord, heir to the toads,
Will then subjugate to himself the entire world.

Get it? If not, here is the explanation by Henry James Foman, a modern-day believer in Nostradamus: "The first two lines indicate a date. When the fork, V, is sustained by two pillars, they make an M, the Roman numeral for one thousand. Six half-horns are CCCCCC, the numeral for six hundred; six open scissors, XXXXXX, make sixty. In other words, in 1660 the great Lord of France, heir to the Merovingians—whose device was the toad, as the lilies were of the House of Capet, and bees to Bonaparte—will be the greatest monarch in the world."

Now do you get it? The proof that Foman cites is that "in 1660 Louis XIV married Maria Theresa of Spain, after having signed the Peace of the Pyrenees late in 1659. Early in 1661, Cardinal Mazarin died and Louis, at twenty-two, became virtual autocrat of France, the *Grand Monarque* of the civilized world."

That isn't exactly what Nostradamus said, but then again, who knows what he meant? Nostradamus could sit up at night staring into a brass bowl filled with water and spin out these little puzzlements by the hundreds. Eventually, he wrote down a thousand or so. Even with his disciples working them out, ofttimes generations later, and forcing them to fit some current newsbreak, the great seer's overall batting average remains, according to my calculations, somewhere around .235, or about what might be expected from a good utility infielder for the Pittsfield Electrics.

A modern version of this Nostradamus specialty is the "That's Right, You're Wrong" prediction, which Jeane Dixon uses to great effect. Like any good American, Mrs. Dixon has modernized the old ways. Looking into her crystal ball—given to her as a child by an old gypsy, naturally—Mrs. Dixon sees all manner of snakes, crossed lines, assorted symbolism, and what-have-you. But unlike Nostradamus, who just laid out his raw material and let us fend for ourselves, Mrs. Dixon cuts out the middleman, interprets the signs for us, and serves up the predictions piping hot. Thus, when she picked Nixon over Kennedy in 1960, she could later say that the signs were right but she misread them. A little touch of humility from one who can see into the vast beyond is always appreciated.

Mrs. Dixon is also a master of the "Somewhere You'll Find Me" prediction. This requires simply a prophecy loose enough so that a true believer can eventually find the proof somewhere. When Mrs. Dixon predicted in 1963 that Ivy League colleges would suffer a lessening in prestige, her biographer, Ruth Montgomery, was at first confused. At last she found proof in the fact that Harvard-educated John Kennedy had been replaced in the White House by Lyndon Johnson of Southwest Texas State Teachers College.

Another modern ploy getting a good

Peter Andrews is a free-lance writer who has authored several nonfiction books.

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workout is the "Pick a Year, Any Year" prediction. In 1932, Edgar Cayce was asked to scan the upcoming half century and select the most critical year in human affairs. He sank back into one of his narcoleptic poses and answered, "This had best be cast after the great catastrophe that's coming to the world in 1936." Cayce's latest biographer, Jesse Stearn, finds this confirmation of another future vision from the sage of Virginia Beach, noting that 1936 was the year of the remilitarization of the Rhineland and the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, which actually occurred a year before, but no matter. It was close enough. Of course, if Cayce had picked 1937, he would have had the Japanese invasion of Manchuria to fool around with. If he had tried 1938, he could have been proved right again by the annexation of Austria and the Munich Conference. The year 1945 would have given him the Bomb. And so on. But if Mr. Cayce liked 1936, who's to deny him? It isn't really important anyway, Cayce people point out, because to one with the Universal Mind there is no such thing as the future. In dealing with visions, the future and the past are all on the same reel, indistinguishable from each other. At first blush this concept would seem to knock the bottom out of the future-predicting market. But it is an anomaly prophets are prepared to live with, so why should I get upset?

Doomsday philosophers with their "Let's All Get Together for the End of the World" predictions have always been with us. This school, founded I believe by Chicken Little, is subject to recurring vogues. Coming up on the year 1000, its practitioners were in great demand. In 999, Europe was awash with mystic pilgrims preparing for the end and collapsing in despair at every thunderclap. One of the working theories here seems to be that if the predictor is wrong, everyone will be so relieved they won't hold it against him, although in 1524 a group of English seers who had predicted that the Thames would rise up and overflow all of London had a near thing. When the river stayed as it had always been, some outraged citizens, doubtless smarting over the fact they had sold their riverside houses at fire-sale prices, threatened to drown the soothsayers in it. The Thames, if not the raging torrent they had been led to expect, was still deep enough to do the job. Like a good astrologer should, the predictors went back to the old chart board and made one small correction. The Thames would rise up and engulf London, they said, but upon somber reflection the event would take place in 1624. Sorry about that. Curiously, predicting the end of the world seems to be an exercise in hope, at least for the predictors. Someday they may be right; then who will recall all the misses?

Slipping into a Proustian mood, prophets can often make a good thing out of the "Prediction of Things Past" routine. This requires taking something that has already happened, is happening at the time, and predicting that it will happen in the future. Thus, we are told that in 1939 Cayce "foresaw strife between capital and labor." In the present day, Mrs. Dixon has virtually made this type of prophecy her trademark by predicting such items as "trouble with Russia." This is sometimes known as the "Gotcha" prediction in that it is confirmed immediately upon being predicted.

"Curiously, predicting the end of the world seems to be an exercise in hope, at least for the predictors. Someday they may be right."

Mrs. Dixon works out of Washington, D. C., where predictions of things to come are meat and drink. In this age of specialization, she has become, not surprisingly, an expert in predictions of particular interest in the capital. I used to be in the forecasting business there myself, working in the Washington bureau of a newspaper chain. Once a week we turned out a column that "looks ahead of the news and brings you tomorrow's headlines today." Unquestionably, Mrs. Dixon was using different sources than we were, but the end products seemed to have a marked similarity. First, there is the "Demonstrably Provable by Currently Available Evidence" prediction. Thus, when Mrs. Dixon gazed into the beyond and predicted that Margaret Truman would not be successful as a professional singer, she was telling that most charming and intelligent lady what could have been learned from Ted Mack.

A Dixon variation on this is the "Common Community Intelligence" prediction, something which is general knowledge in Washington, but not well understood elsewhere. To predict in early 1945 that Vice President Truman would ascend to the Presidency through "an act of God" was to give voice to an assumption that had already been made, tragically, by most of official Washington.

Almost as sure is the "Reasonable Assumption by Things Already Known" prediction. Early in 1962 Mrs. Dixon predicted, "Religion will play a more important role than the public now thinks." What was considered to be a remarkable confirmation of her powers was offered when in June of that year the Supreme Court handed down its decision outlawing the saying of prayers in public schools. I do not wish to appear more cynical than I am, which is plenty, but the fact is that Supreme Court decisions do not spring willy-nilly out of Justice Douglas's head, whatever William Buckley may think. They are scheduled, after a fashion, and come along in a generally predictable order. Anyone who followed the Court knew that a decision on school prayer was coming up, just as they now know that a decision on capital punishment is forthcoming. Presumably, even prophetesses read the newspapers.

This prediction, by the way, was a good example of the "Reverse" or "Perhaps You Didn't Understand What I Said the First Time" prediction. In burlesque it's called "the Switcheroo." To anyone thinking that striking down praying in school meant a lessening in the importance of the role of religion in America, the answer provided by Miss Montgomery is that the resultant furor over the decision showed how important it really was. Or something.

And so it goes.

Reading about people who predict the future is, oddly enough, an exercise in history. Like old sportswriters who yearn for the memory of Jim Thorpe and Joe DiMaggio, precognition writers are always dealing in yesterday. The period just past was always the Golden Age. In those days Edgar Cayce never missed—well, hardly ever. All the old glories are trotted out: Nostradamus on Louis XVI's flight through Varennes, and Jeane Dixon, who knew ahead of time all about the appalling tragedy that was to occur in Dallas.

But for tomorrow's predictions today, the crystal ball seems as confused as Nostradamus's bowl of water. Along with everyone else, Mrs. Dixon is becoming highly politicized. For such a far-out avocation, she is turning conservative. She foresees that "the principles of Barry Goldwater will be vindicated." She has also predicted danger for the United States in "draining itself of needed strength by a careless disbursement of foreign aid."

Like the prophets of old, Mrs. Dixon is seeking a piece of the Big One: a foresight of the Second Coming. And she claims she has had it. At 7:17 a.m., EST, on February 5, 1962, she had a vision of a child born somewhere in the Middle East who "will revolutionize the world. . . . Mankind will begin to feel the great force of this man in the early 1980s, and during the subsequent ten years the world as we know it will be reshaped and revamped into one without wars or suffering."

If she is right on that one, nobody will care how she arrived at it, and we can forgive her and her tribe all the unfulfilled prophecies of history.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Uneasy Lies the Head

As one of the posies in *A Child's Garden of Verses* declares, "The world is so full of a number of things/I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings!" To which James Thurber once saturninely added, "And you know how happy *they* are." In a current spate of films, Thurber's view of regal bliss is the portion not only of kings but of a couple of queens and of a particularly ill-fated Czar and Czarina named Nicholas and Alexandra.

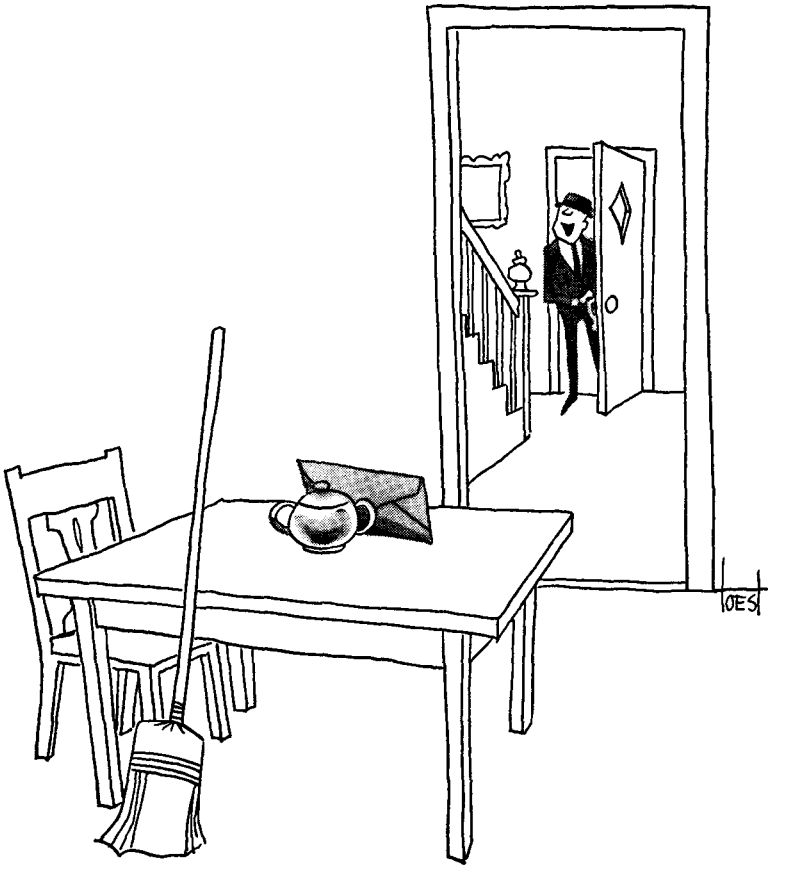
Nicholas and Alexandra, which crams more than a dozen eventful years into just over three hours of screen time, had every possibility of becoming one of those interminable pageants so dear to the hearts of movie producers as it gets on toward the Academy Award season. By a miracle whose workers must include producer Sam Spiegel, director Franklin J. Schaffner, writer James Goldman, and a huge, impeccably chosen cast headed by Michael Jayston and Janet Suzman, the film unfolds its complex drama swiftly, economically, and engrossingly. It focuses, as the title suggests, on the private lives of its principals, two well-meaning autocrats with absolute power who are so self-absorbed as to be totally blind to the significance of the events swirling about them.

But what makes this film such an extraordinary achievement is its makers' ability to also keep in focus the historical forces that were to end a dynasty and overturn an empire. Not only do we see the glittering court life of the Romanovs, the ineptitudes of Nicholas in dealing with both his ministers and his military men, and the sinister rise of Rasputin through his hypnotic hold over Alexandra; we also see—often in brief, sharply etched sequences—the misery of the Russian masses and their crumbling faith in their Czar, the Czar's abortive attempt to establish a parliamentary government, the Duma, and Kerensky's role in that ill-fated body, the foolhardy decisions that led to Russia's entry into World War I, and, interlaced with all of these, the machinations of the Bolsheviks as, led by Lenin (often from exile), they maneuvered for power.

History seems to come alive in this movie, in a manner once envisaged by D. W. Griffith as an ideal for the then-new medium. Perhaps because the events themselves have not yet receded so far into the past as to become hopelessly romanticized, perhaps because Madrid can still furnish reasonable facsimiles of St. Petersburg's palaces and public squares, perhaps simply because author Robert K. Massie researched his book so thoroughly and effectively—in fact, perhaps because of all three—*Nicholas and Alexandra* has an immediacy that makes one feel that, while it may be magnificent entertainment today, it might well replace a classroom text tomorrow.

The same, alas, cannot be said of *Mary, Queen of Scots,* which, in the classic tradition of historical romances, tends to toss out the history and concentrate on the romance. Not that history is necessarily sacrosanct in dramas of this sort. Both Schiller and Maxwell Anderson contrived confrontations between Mary and Elizabeth despite the overwhelming evidence that the two queens never met. But Schiller and Anderson are pretty heady company, and John Hale's screenplay for this Hal Wallis production is so flat and prosaic that echoes of the same lines said better keep ringing in one's ears. And this despite the fact that the lines are delivered by two of the most stunningly effective actresses currently available—Glenda Jackson as the steely Elizabeth and Vanessa Redgrave as the impetuous, ill-fated Mary. The film is handsomely mounted, but Charles Jarrott's direction is stodgy and unimaginative, coming to life only to record in gruesome detail some of the gorier deaths, such as that of Mary's favored consort, David Rizzio. At least we are spared the sight of Mary's head rolling in the dust.

No such reticence for Roman Polanski, however. His version of *Macbeth* drips blood from virtually every frame—so much so that when Lady Macbeth (Francesca Annis) says the famous line, "Whoever thought the old man would have so much blood?", the audience can only grin. It knew all along. The main innovations of this Roman Polanski-Kenneth Tynan collaboration are the portrayal of Macbeth (Jon Finch) and his lady as considerably younger than we are accustomed to, and, in the process of opening out the play, the emphasizing of action over poetry. Despite the efforts of an excellent cast, this *Macbeth* becomes all scenery and special effects—a bolt hitting a man squarely between the eyes, for example. While it can certainly be argued that in *Macbeth* Shakespeare wrote a particularly bloody play, if its bloodiness were all that mattered, the play would probably not have survived. As it is, the chances are it will survive even this version.



"Hey, Honey! Your ticket won the lottery! . . . . Honey?"

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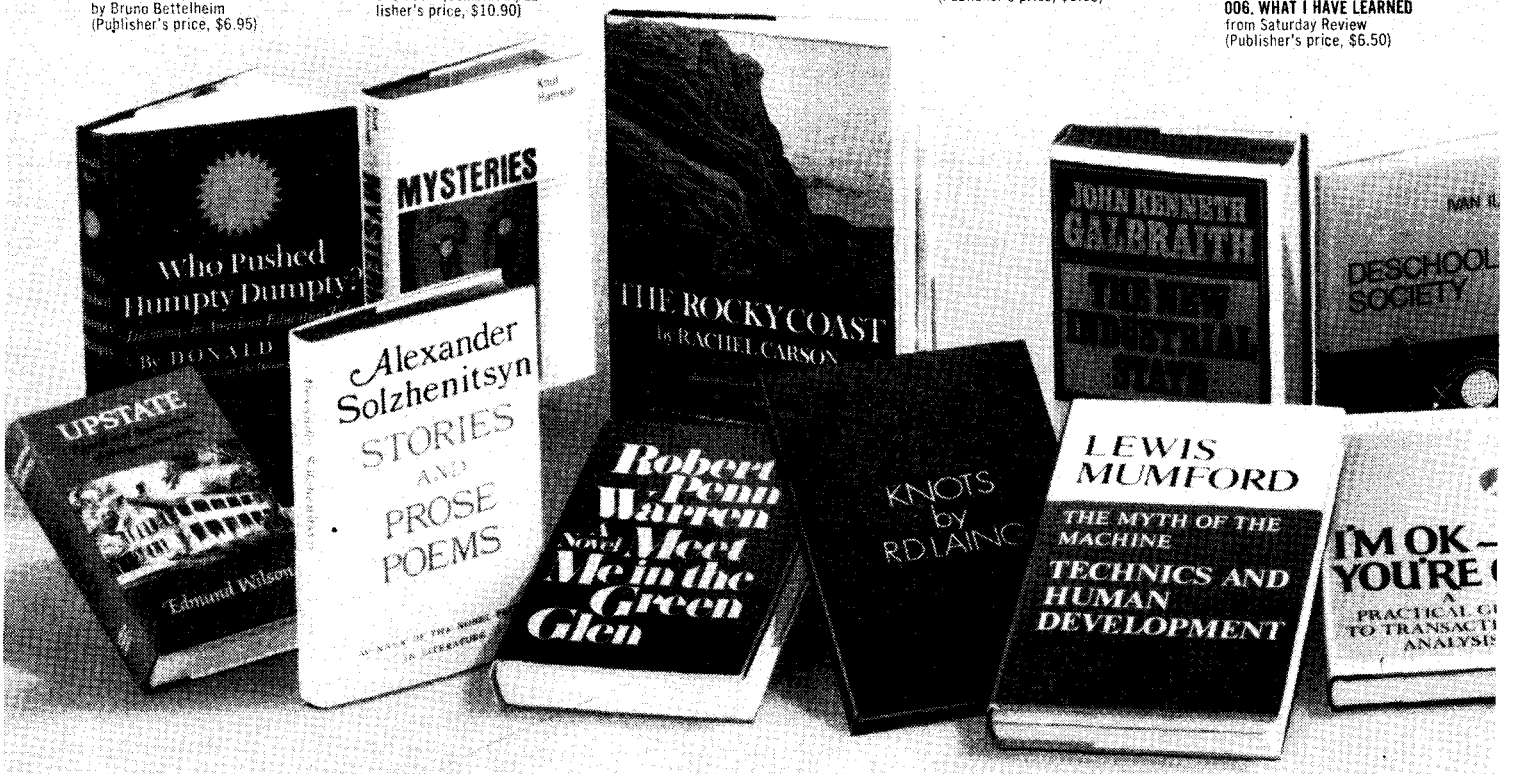

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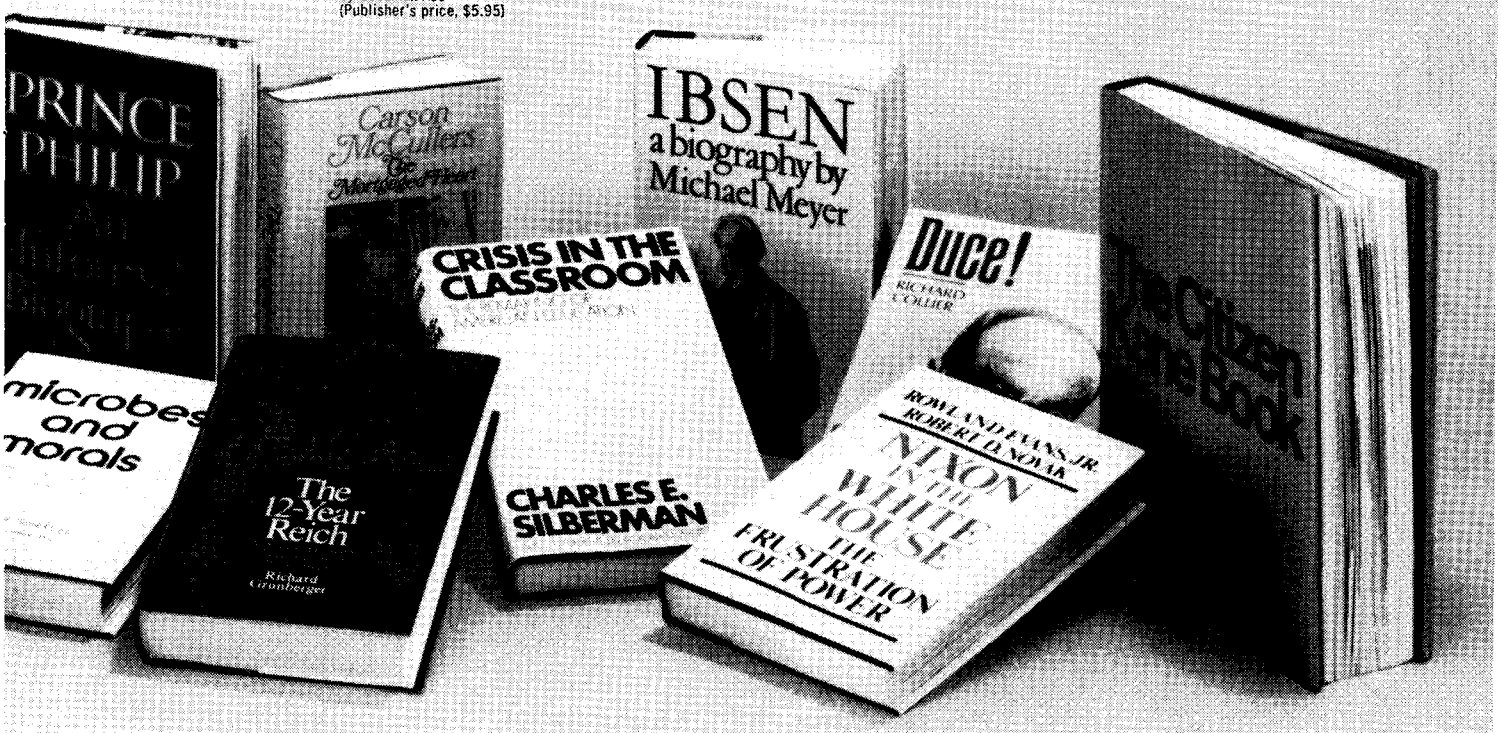

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Natural Disasters and the U.N.

Recent action by the General Assembly of the United Nations creating a new Under Secretary, staff, and machinery to deal for the first time with natural disasters of international importance is a useful and long-overdue step in the right direction. The new disaster coordinator and his associates will in the future be able to command world resources for relief not only from countries that normally help out during such crises but through the total membership of the United Nations. Up to now this official responsibility has remained largely unfulfilled along the East River, although awareness of and dealing effectively with a natural disaster surely come under one of the primary tenets of the United Nations: to alleviate any human suffering.

Within the past year such natural disasters as the devastating cyclone that killed hundreds of thousands of persons along the tidal plain of East Pakistan and the earthquake that snuffed out 40,000 lives in Peru dramatized to General Assembly membership how pitifully lacking were the mechanics of relief in an organization dependent chiefly on informal and voluntary measures of alleviation. The new U.N. program is also authorized, upon request, to offer relief in such man-made disasters as the East Pakistani and Nigerian civil wars. Although the United Nations is supposed to prevent political chaos of this sort, to date it has not been very effectual. Such man-made turmoil is rightly bracketed with natural disasters in the farsighted organizational action recently voted by the General Assembly.

Of all woes to beset mankind in its comparatively brief recorded history, earthquakes, volcanic action, plagues, and storms have always been the greatest wholesale takers of life on this planet. Perhaps the largest natural disaster of all time, however, occurred less than a century ago when close to a million people died in the flooded river waters of China's Hwang Ho. This was in 1887, and when the Yangtze overflowed in 1911 and again in 1939 several hundred thousand more Chinese drowned. Aside from plagues, earthquake has been the most consistently punishing natural disaster over the years. The worst earthquake on record took place in the Shensi Province of China in 1556 when 830,000 human beings were killed from a single temblor. The infamous earthquake of September 1923 in Tokyo claimed 143,000 lives, while other tremendous earth movements in Calcutta, India; Messina, Italy; and northern Peru have ended with death tolls tragically approaching six figures. Oddly enough, the famous San Francisco earthquake of 1906 claimed only 452 lives despite its dramatic place in U. S. history.

Infectious epidemic diseases have throughout history ended in catastrophic death tolls, but while no one can say that antibiotics have truly eliminated them, the chances of their getting out of hand seem a good deal less nowadays than during the Black Death of the fourteenth century, the ravaging London plague of the seventeenth century, or the waves of bubonic plague that periodically decimated China and other parts of the Orient during the nineteenth century. In all, millions of human beings died horrible deaths, and, had the United Nations' new relief machinery been set up, aid to the survivors would have been readily forthcoming through the East River organization. Relief from the widespread influenza epidemics at the end of World War I also would have been handled more effectively through this new U.N. aid machinery than was possible in either Europe or America in 1918-19.

Other disasters in the annals of mankind include tremendous fires, sinkings of ships at sea, airplane crashes, coal mine explosions, and, earlier in this century, terrible train wrecks. But the death tolls of such catastrophes are usually small by comparison with those of an erupting Krakatau or Vesuvius, a huge tidal wave following massive earth displacement, a plague so severe as to render a whole nation virtually helpless, or a gigantic storm and its aftermath. All the same, the new U.N. office will be ready for and capable of coping with any disaster that requires outside assistance, though whether such preparedness will include the greatest disaster of all—man-made war—is something only time and U.N. common sense will tell.

The most outstanding relief project in human history was conducted largely by Americans under the leadership of Herbert Hoover, with strong support from the British and cooperation by the Germans, despite the fact that these latter two peoples were at war. In October 1914, the Commission for Relief in Belgium somehow managed to get passage of food, medical supplies, and clothing through not only the Allied blockade but the German front lines as well to save the very lives of the ten million people of battle-scarred Belgium and northern France. Later, in 1918-19, Hoover's food administration program furnished eighteen-and-a-half million tons of food to the famine-stricken people of Europe, as well as to America's wartime allies. This huge project, under the guidance of the man later to be blamed for the great American depression, has no comparison before or after his time in either thoroughness of organization, the amount of money spent for supplies, or the number of people literally kept alive. After World War II, some of the money from Marshall Plan funds went for relief in one fashion or another, but not on the scale of Hoover's colossal relief work in the late Teens and early Twenties. If the new Under Secretary and his relief staff function anywhere near as well in the alleviation of hunger, displacement, disease, financial chaos, and all the other problems that may follow disasters, natural or man-made, the General Assembly shall have taken a tremendous stride in reducing human suffering everywhere.

Richard L. Tobin

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Letters to the Editor

Whence America?

Harrison Brown's article "Scenario for an American Renaissance" [*SR*, Dec. 25] is excellent and to the point. As a country, we are on our way down. As Arnold Toynbee has stated, when a country does not meet its present problems, it is on its way down. We are not meeting ours. We are controlled, as Mr. Brown notes, by the military.

I recently returned from Japan. There is no unemployment in Japan, nor is there poverty or a military complex. The same situation exists in Germany. Both of these countries were governed by the military before World War II. Must we be defeated in a war before we wake up?

C. Arthur Elden, M.D.,
Woodinville, Wash.

About three years ago I jotted down some speculations concerning our country. When I recently read Harrison Brown's dream policy, I dug out my musings. Here they are:

I wonder what would have happened by now if in the late Fifties or early Sixties

1) our government had said, "We have enough atomic weapons to destroy an aggressor. We are going to stop producing and experimenting in this field";

2) we had said, "We will draft men only for a U.N. force. Our standing army will be strictly voluntary";

3) Congress had passed a law prohibiting any tax-supported agency from spending any of its funds for self-advertising;

4) all federal spending for education had gone first to build enough schools and hire enough teachers to cut class sizes in half;

5) every city had refused building permits for business and industry that did not include equal space for housing;

6) all aid to foreign countries had been in direct grants to hospitals, schools, low-rent housing, experimental farms, and industrial research.

Mary Burnham,
Amsterdam, N.Y.

Doubtful China Watchers

In his article "More than Herbs and Acupuncture" [*SR*, Dec. 18], Dr. E. Grey Dimond writes that in China today drug addiction, alcoholism, prostitution, and venereal disease are curbed. Dr. Dimond does not understand why Americans do not believe this and why they remain incredulous. Elsewhere (*The New York Times*, Dec. 5, 1971), Dr. Dimond's traveling companion, Dr. Paul Dudley White, says that they learned things "on good authority."

I remain skeptical. As a professional person, I have some knowledge of the universality of human nature. Vices suppressed will surface again at a later date. Being from Missouri, as is Dr. Dimond, I say, "Show me."

Robert G. Hirschi, D.D.S., M.S.,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

I am willing to concede to China all the economic progress and social reform that Bronson P. Clark attributes to it in his article "If Ever the Twain Shall Meet" [*SR*, Dec. 18]. Nevertheless, although an American, and therefore one of those constantly accused of an almost fanatic devotion to materialism exclusively, I would still rather have my unmaterialistic freedom than all the material blessings the Chinese are said to have now.

I would still prefer to go to hell in my own way, rather than be led into heaven under the direction of any "Big Brother," whatever his current name may be.

E. S. Gillis,
Rochester, N.Y.

See Venice and Cry

Horace Sutton's "The Venetian Recollection" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Oct. 30] made me want to cry. Months ago I sent what little I could afford to the Save Venice Fund in London, and now I am wondering if *SR* could publish details of where other readers might send their contributions.

Pat Pritchard,
New Milford, Conn.

Editor's Note: Contributions may be sent to: Save Venice, Inc., Suite 3421, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017.

Taking Legal Action

For those readers who agreed with the excellent article "Crimes Without Victims" [*SR*, Dec. 4] by Alexander B. Smith and Harriet Pollack and who are wondering what they can do on an issue such as marijuana: The American Civil Liberties Union and the National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws have recently joined forces to seek legislative repeal of criminal penalties for possession of marijuana for personal use. Both of these groups are seeking funds, volunteers, and members to assist them on this issue. The uncommitted majority will be heard if enough people take action as members of citizen lobbies.

Guy P. D. Archer,
New York, N.Y.

On Goldwater's Logic

Re: "Goldwater Addendum" [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Dec. 18]. In proof of the Constitutionality of the Vietnam War, Senator Barry Goldwater reveals that at least 192 military actions have been undertaken by U.S. forces without a declaration of war. The Senator must believe, then, that the repetition of an act 191 times proves its legality.

I have no reason to believe that Senator Goldwater's capability in the field of logic is poorer than that of his less distinguished colleagues. Alarming as is the revelation of such illogical thinking on his part, perhaps even more alarming is the realization that behind the action of legislative committees and behind many policies of national legislation—indeed, national policy itself—lies a similar type of thinking. If so, our country is worse off than many of us had realized.

C. L. Whitner,
Montesano, Wash.

"Do you think that the economy can stand the transition from a peacetime war to a wartime peace?"

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Us Smiths

I was dog-walking my briefcase from *SR*'s offices to Penn Station in the standard New York pedestrian daze, my feet taking care of travel arrangements and my head in a daydream, when I found myself face to face with a red-faced cherub in pork-pie hat, bow tie, and sharp checked coat—a combination unmistakably from the $2 window at Aqueduct, and no winner.

"Joe!" he said. "Long time no see!"

"Longer than that," I said. "You've got the wrong man."

"Not a chance, Joe! I used to work upstairs, too."

We were in front of an office building, and he waved in the direction of "upstairs."

"Bill Morrissy's department," he elaborated.

"Believe me," I said. "I am a motherless child wayfaring through the valley, and I have never been upstairs."

"Well, whattaya know!" he said. "You got a twin. I mean you two look more like one another than you do like yourself. Hey, that's a good one, huh? Joe?"

"John," I told him.

"It's a pleasure," he said, shaking my hand. "John . . . uh . . . ?"

"Smith," I said.

"Harry," he said. "And how about that? I am also one of the Smiths."

"One of the Panhandle Smiths?"

He spread both arms and looked at the sky. "John," he said, "you're psychic. You got that extrasensory whatchamacallit—"

"Perception," I said.

"See! See what I mean? A mind reader!"

"How much?" I asked.

He lowered his voice. "I could use a few green ones, pal."

"For tomorrow's double?"

"For eating money," he said.

There was a bar just ahead. "Let me buy you a beer and break the bad news," I said.

"Bad news?" he said over the beer and a pastrami on rye that had got attached to the order.

"You are about to be gainfully employed," I said.

"A job!"

"No offense," I said. "You are the dressiest panhandler I've met since Tuesday."

He looked hurt.

"Tuesday, six years ago," I said.

He shook his head. "You got class, pal."

"It's your class I'm interested in. I write a column. Subject matter is where you find it. You tell me about the art of classy panhandling and I'll pay you five dollars."

"Ten," he said.

"That's what I meant," I said and ordered two more beers.

"John," he said after a good pull at the stein, "how much you get for writing this column?"

"Eleven dollars and fifty cents a month."

"Is that all they pay a writer guy?"

"It's a cruel world."

"Hey, pal, you putting me on?"

"Not really. But remember I am the one that's paying to ask the questions."

"You got a point," he said. "So ask."

"For a start, how did you get to the top of your profession?"

"You want the scene, huh? Okay, I'll earn the ten. I like the hosses, and I don't like work. I handicap 'em pretty good. When form pays off, I'm flush. Then the long shots start coming home, and I'm bust and on the street for a stake. You want I should go bumming? No class to it. You knock yourself out mumbling, 'Hey, Mac, help a fella,' and you knock down maybe fifteen bucks at two bits a shot. And then you have to square yourself with the cop because he has you marked lousy. Me, I dress nice, give a mark the old college glad hand. No arm. Just two pals on the street. And I score a hundred, hundred twenty. In a week I'm back at the Big A. In two weeks I get staked all the way to Hialeah." He finished the beer, and I ordered a new round. "That's it," he said.

"You want to go for five more?"

"Ten?"

"If it's worth it."

"Like what?"

"Tricks of the trade. How did you happen to pick me out of a sidewalkful?"

He smiled. "You want it straight, John?"

"From Smith to Smith."

"Well, to start with, I figure that sport coat goes for maybe two hundred and should have a wallet in the inside pocket. That's a nice easy-breezy slimline briefcase, and new. It ain't for no slob buried in work, but just for a few papers that count. And you're daydreaming as you come along. And you look like a nice guy."

"Smith family flattery?"

"Article one. Only a nice guy will shell out."

"And the daydreaming?"

"That gives me surprise. I do what I call my cocktail-party routine—like we're all standing around holding martinis and somebody comes up and says, 'Hi, pal,' and you talk right back, right? You gotta get the mark to talk. By the time he makes out he don't know you, you're into him."

I nodded. "Harry," I said, "you're a philosopher, and you get the full twenty."

"John," he said, "between us Smiths, I'll grab the check if you tell me one thing."

"It's a deal," I said.

"Back there," he said. "I do catch you by surprise, right?"

"Right."

"And still you had me made right off, right?"

"Had you made?"

"Identified. You knew I was panhandling you."

"Yes, I did."

"So why do you go on talking?"

"I told you. I write a column, and subject matter is where you find it."

"Where do I see this column?"

"In *Saturday Review*."

"And you get paid for it?"

"Meagerly."

"More than, say, twenty bucks?"

"A little."

"More than, say, a coupla hundred?"

"A little."

"So what I wanna know is—who's conning who?"

"Harry," I said, handing him two tens, "there has been no con. We Smiths are one another's profit. Good luck at Hialeah."

"John," he said, signaling for the check, "good luck to you everywhere. Us Smiths got it coming."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1487

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1487 will be found in the next issue.

BSF GCSUX RCS AS QSG

GCZQP, ZG ZU JXUG IG WXIUG

GS FXIFFIQYX GCXZF EFXD-

MAZNXU SQNX ZQ I RCZWX.

—WMGCXF JMFJIQP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1486

It is best to read the weather forecasts before we pray for rain.
Twain

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London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

Ads, Addresses, and Addenda

I seem to remember that in New York there were ten or twelve television channels and more radio stations than I cared to count. Right now, in preparation for the national election in November, the Republican and Democratic parties undoubtedly are getting ready to buy up all available time for political broadcasts and spot announcements. There sure used to be a lot of them, and sometimes I simply cast my vote for the candidate or party that had the fewest.

England has only three television channels: BBC 1, BBC 2, and ITV (Independent Television). Except for documentaries, the programs are pretty bad, but that doesn't stop the British from loving them (the British also used to love the kings who chopped off the most heads). It's only on ITV that advertising is permissible, and the commercials are horrendous; mercifully, most of them last no longer than thirty seconds. Also mercifully, they carry no such thing as paid political advertising.

All but 5 per cent of the eighteen million British households have television sets, even though they are expensive to buy or rent. A further not insignificant cost is the $17.50 annual license fee that must be paid the government for the right to use a black-and-white receiver, and the $30 one for color. The revenue from licenses supports BBC 1 and BBC 2.

Paid political advertising is prohibited on both radio and television. Instead, the two major political parties are by law allotted equal time during an election period, free of cost. A minor party also is given time, but not equal. In the Parliamentary election of 1970, both Conservatives and Laborites were permitted five television broadcasts of ten minutes each; the Liberals, three ten-minute broadcasts. On radio, Conservatives and Laborites were each granted a total of sixty-five minutes, and the Liberals exactly half. Political broadcasts must be simultaneous on all three TV channels so that no "popular" entertainment program be available to distract or fragment the viewing audience.

The theory behind broadcasting arrangements here is that the use of radio and television time should not depend on a party's ability to pay for it. Thus a less well-heeled party can never, as they say, be priced out of the market, and no party with bulging purses can monopolize or even dominate the airwaves.

I suspect that at home NBC, CBS, and ABC are not as fond of the British system as I am.

It is a coincidence—the British consider me slightly balmy because I search out such things—that the building on Downing Street that houses the Prime Minister is No. 10, and that the beautifully preserved building on St. James's Square that once was the residence of three of the country's greatest Prime Ministers—William Pitt, the Earl of Derby, and William E. Gladstone—also is No. 10.

The way houses and shops in London are numbered, when *numbered, is a puzzlement. On some streets the numbers will run 1, 2, 3, etc.; or 2, 4, 6; or 1, 3, 5. But if one expects, for example, that 1, 3, 5 will be faced across the way by 2, 4, 6, he may be mightily surprised to find instead something like 757, 758, 759.*

Tens of thousands of buildings bear no identification at all. One can walk for half a mile on Oxford Street, to give a not atypical case, and never come across a shop that has a number.

You want Harrods? The only address is Knightsbridge. Which is like telling a foreign visitor to New York that Yankee Stadium is in the Bronx.

Then there's the business of commas: 1 Hyde Park Street here is 1, Hyde Park Street. Why? I don't know. I don't know because nobody else knows either.

Hyde Park is where the small cannons are taken for booming out the Royal Salutes. Early last summer, on the Queen's official birthday, when forty-one shots were fired, I learned that the first twenty-one are ceremonial and traditional and that the additional twenty commemorate long-ago days when private citizens owned ordnance of their own and joined happily in the celebration.

Also on the Queen's birthday, during the Trooping of the Colour, I noticed that one of the Grenadier drummers was wearing a black armband. Why? Still in mourning for Charles II, who died in 1685.

There is no lovelier spot in London than Waterlow Park, which once was the garden belonging to Sir Sydney Waterlow, a former Lord Mayor. There is in the park a bronze statue of Sir Sydney, complete with bronze umbrella.

The Albert Memorial features a statue of the Prince Consort, who sits uncomfortably under a pretentious canopy. In his right hand he holds a book. I always assumed it was a Bible. Turns out it is a catalogue of the Great

(Continued on page 29)

"No I don't want to hear about somebody who used one of our blades for ten months."

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Back on the Track—I: Fighting the Image

Slowly and steadily, like the Little Engine That Could, the passenger trains of America have begun to emerge from decades of ignominy, pushing their way back into public favor. People who prefer planes are still flying, and the great majority (about 85 per cent) continues to drive from one city to the next, but anyone who keeps an eye on the media must by now have caught the name Amtrak or seen its red-and-blue arrow decorating a depot.

Amtrak is the National Railroad Passenger Corporation, a quasi-public body that took over operation of most of the nation's rail passenger service last May. It was to be called Railpax, but there was already a patent on that name. Amtrak was born with a $40-million federal grant, $100-million in government-guaranteed loans, a promised $197-million in entry fees from railroads turning over their passenger business—and a shabby reputation to overcome. One might have expected Amtrak to set up shop in the bowels of an old railroad-Gothic terminal, but "image" is one of the corporation's most important products, at least while American trains remain a household joke. So Amtrak moved into Washington's L'Enfant Plaza, a cluster of modernistic office buildings just south of the Smithsonian Institution.

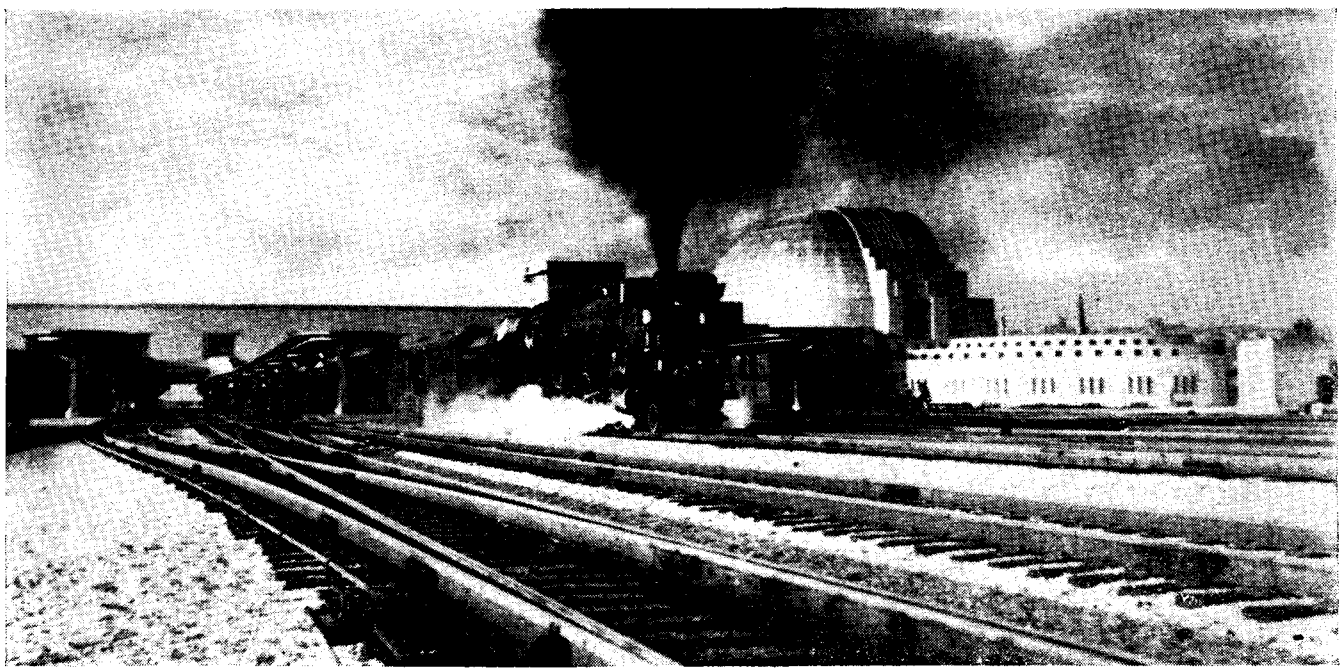
Glancing around at this noble concrete symmetry, strolling amidst the tree-lined malls and bubbling fountains, a first-time visitor may feel he has stumbled into a mock-up for a twenty-first-century urban center. Amtrak's offices hardly dispel the notion. Elsewhere in the stone monoliths of Washington, where bureaucracy is rife, people sit behind gray metal desks in little cubicles and wait for word to come down from the next G.S. level. On the eighth floor of 955 L'Enfant Plaza, carpeting and soft hassocks beckon to the caller, and attractive young people pause to talk and laugh. In fact there seemed to be more talking and laughing than sitting and working on a recent morning, but an Amtrak official explained that the operation is too new for some employees to know their duties—and besides, it was Monday and the Redskins had won the day before.

Many of the new employees, particularly in the higher echelons, have never worked in the musty railroad milieu. Roger Lewis, president and chairman of the board, came to Amtrak from General Dynamics. The airline industry was well tapped for personnel. Indeed, certain old-guard railroad men resent the scarcity of their colleagues among Amtrak's executives. James Bryant, a public information man, left a job with NBC-TV, where glamour was never lacking. "You can imagine what beautiful girls we had at NBC. Well, they're better-looking here," he said.

There is, of course, more going on than meets the eye. Behind the showy facade, Amtrak's top planners are running a race against time and history to put passenger trains back in working order. In the late 1920s, at the peak of American railroad performance, there were 20,000 trains operating across the country, and they carried 77 per cent of all traffic. By 1950 more than half the trains had been retired and railroads were carrying only 46 per cent of the load. When the Rail Passenger Service Act, authorizing Amtrak to run the network, was signed by President Nixon, 360 cars were left on the tracks. Amtrak, seeking to start life with the bare essentials, cut the number in half. Now the total is 214. Amtrak has until 1973 to prove that passenger trains are worth reviving. If the showing is negative, trains will virtually disappear from intercity routes.

"In other words," said Harold Graham, vice president for marketing, the man who must sell passenger trains to the American public, "the railroads had one hundred years to wreck the business, and we have until July 1, 1973, to correct things."

Amtrak, beginning operations a century after the first transcontinental tracks were laid, immediately was greeted with a flood of letters complaining about service, equipment, food (and lack of food), and other woes. Often the complaints were directed at crotchety personnel, from ticket agents down the line through conductors, dining car stewards, and porters. "We're sick and tired of having railroad employees insulting passengers," said an Amtrak official. "We pay their salaries, and we've got to reorient them to the new system, which is a tough task after forty years of going the other way." Penn Central, never noted for courteous service, will send 1,200 employees back to school to learn how to treat passengers. In Los Angeles, Continental Airlines recently trained two dozen passenger representatives, glorified stew-



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ardesses who will be posted on trains to keep riders satisfied and uncomplaining. All Amtrak officials in the Washington office are required to take two train trips a month and file full reports on what they observe.

An inherent weakness in the Amtrak plan is the scarcity of incoming funds. While Graham and his staff outline a dream passenger system complete with stylish new uniforms, redecorated cars, and handy terminals, money is running low. Amtrak wanted to ask Congress for $260-million in additional funds, but the administration trimmed the request to $170-million. "Senator Vance Hartke laughed at the request," an Amtrak official reported. "He said we should be asking for something like five hundred million. So the Democrats would like to give us a lot more than we're asking. No question that the Nixon administration is violently anti-passenger trains."

Amtrak's network looks skimpy when laid across a map of the United States. There is no service north of Boston; Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine are completely ignored. So is Arkansas. And South Dakota. Another vacuum exists over international routes. Amtrak halted service between New York and Montreal, Seattle and Vancouver, Texas and Mexico, though all three may be restored within a few months. There isn't a train through Dallas, and Cleveland and Toledo face excision if local agencies fail to put up enough money.

Three rail lines—the Denver and Rio Grande Western, the Rock Island, and the Southern Railway—declined to join Amtrak, and continue to operate passenger service independently. For staying out, they must run without Amtrak's help until 1975. The Denver and Rio Grande has the rights to a winding mountain path over the Rockies and through the Royal Gorge, one of the most scenic rail routes in the country. So Amtrak's thrice-weekly train through that part of the West runs north from Denver through Cheyenne and on to Ogden. Southern's Washington-to-New Orleans trains—complete with overnight shoeshines and gratis morning papers—draw few complaints from their riders and little criticism from Amtrak officials.

One way to cut expenses in this early belt-tightening stage would be to unload some of the huge old terminals still in use. Built in the massive, vaulting style of the Twenties and Thirties, they once buzzed with business and stood as key landmarks on the edge of downtown districts. Today they seem empty and haunted. Cincinnati's Union Terminal, with its impressive murals, opened in 1933 and in its peak year handled 100 trains a day. Now only the eastbound *George Washington* leaves for Washington and Newport News and the westbound *James Whitcomb Riley* runs to Chicago. Yet the depot costs $1,200,000 a year to operate, half of which Amtrak must expend. In addition, trains lose thirty minutes backing in or circling around to enter the old station. Amtrak is hopeful that Cincinnati and the state of Ohio will be successful in a bid to build a small, modern terminal. St. Louis, Kansas City, and Jacksonville, Florida, are also costing Amtrak precious millions for the maintenance of outdated buildings.

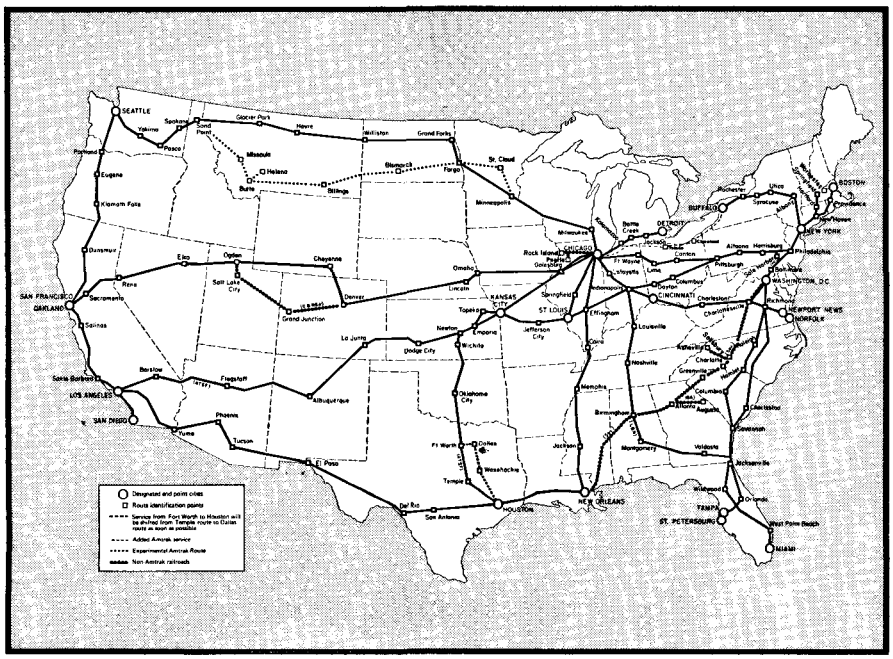
When thirteen railroads turned over passenger business to the new corporation, thousands of cars became available. Of the entire inventory, 3,000 were considered usable. Many of the best belonged to Sante Fe, Union Pacific, and other Western lines; Southern Pacific also had some decent rolling stock sitting idle. In August, Amtrak bought 1,240 cars and began to spread them throughout the network. The aim is to have the whole stock reconditioned by the end of 1972, each car bearing the recently selected corporation design of a silver body with red, white, and blue stripes running down the sides. Meanwhile, strings of cars will continue to pass by in crazy-quilt formation—Union Pacific yellow next to Seaboard Coast Line gray, followed by Penn Central green.

Two early goals are to streamline the complex tariff schedule and establish a nationwide reservations system. Eastern fares have always been notoriously high while the West has kept its rates down. Why the discrepancy? "For one thing the Eastern lines raised their fares in recent years to discourage passengers, in a bid to get out of the business," an Amtrak man said. "Another reason, historically, is that the Western lines started with lower fares to encourage settling of the West. In the 1870s one line even provided free passage back to the East if a farmer who went out on one of their trains had a crop failure."

Taking the *Broadway Limited*, for example, from New York to Chicago overnight with a roomette costs $98.11, while between Chicago and Los Angeles the still dependable *Super Chief* charges $123.05 for two nights and a day in a roomette. It's 960 miles from New York to Chicago, 2,222 miles from Los Angeles to Chicago. So you ride the rails for about ten cents a mile in the East and five cents a mile out West. Amtrak was all set to attack the fare structure, intending to lower rates in the East and raise them slightly in the West when the Nixon wage-price freeze sidetracked the effort. On December 1, Amtrak did go ahead and lower Boston-New York fares in nonreserved seat coaches from $12.75 to $9.90, a move that must have baffled longtime railroad skeptics. An ad announcing the reduction was blared in Boston papers with a likeness of Paul Revere racing down the tracks on horseback and bold words announcing "another historic ride." Another ad in the Eastern press showed a jet riding a set of rails with the slogan, "Think of our Metroliner as a plane that never leaves the ground." It was Amtrak's way of seducing Washington-bound travelers, who prefer planes (5,200 a day) over passenger trains (1,980) and buses (1,900).

In the bad old days of railroading, it was a complicated procedure to make a reservation, and then you were never

Once active depots, such as Cincinnati's Union Terminal, at left, now seem empty and haunted. Below: Amtrak's intercity network is a harbinger of the revival of passenger train service.



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Meet Old-fashioned Mr. Jennings (the ice-cream parlor man)

Always be polite to Mr. Jennings.
He'll keep us young forever.
He doesn't care for war,
he doesn't care for jewels,
he doesn't care for architecture.
Mr. Jennings knows what counts.
Sodas.
And heavenly sweets.
Ethereal creams.
Blasphemous blendings of
delectable fruits.
(And it's a wondrous place
to spend lunchtime, dinnertime—
even suppertime.)
No matter how many years you live,
everything in Mr. Jennings' place
tastes as good as treats did
when you were a kid.
Guaranteed.

Old-fashioned
Mr. Jennings

Luncheon
Dinner
Supper
(noon till midnight)
28 East 70th Street
(between Madison Ave. & Park Ave.)
(212) BU 8-2700
(212) UN 1-8980

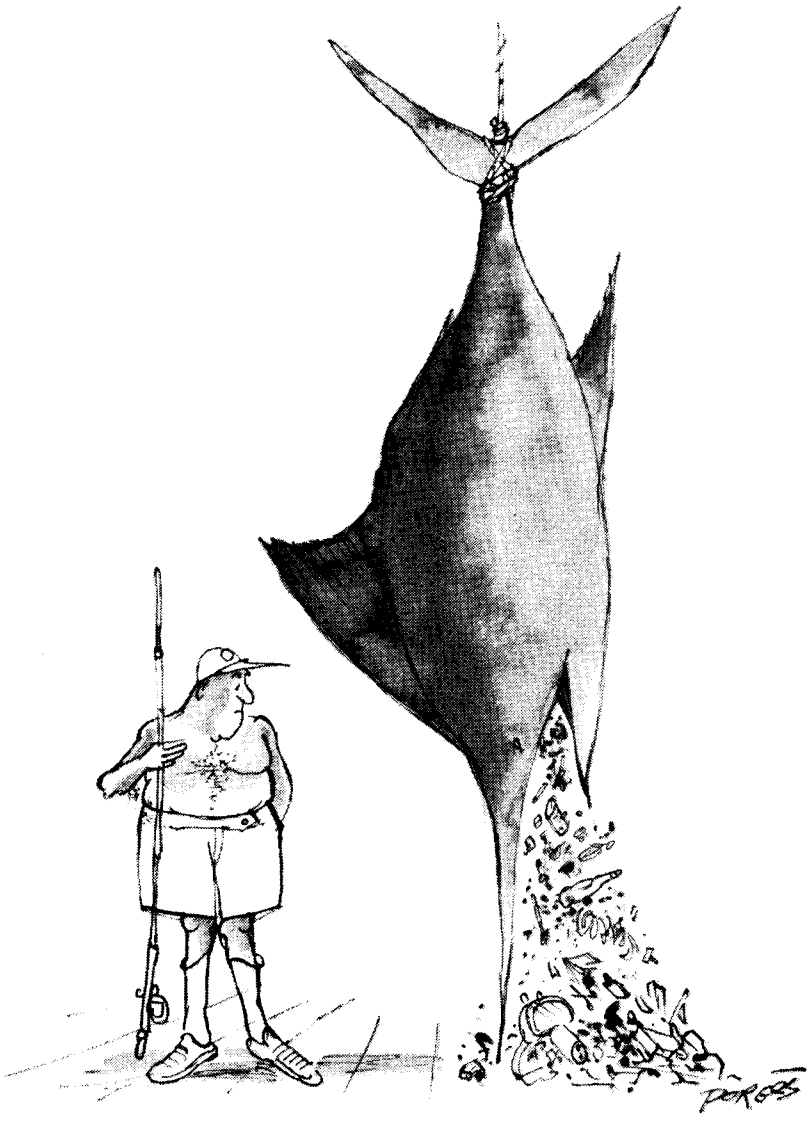
sure that someone else wouldn't show up with a ticket for the same seat. Amtrak has hired a reservations specialist from Pan Am to install a nationwide computerized operation. Chicago will be the hub of the system. "We still have bugs to work out," said a reservations man, "but considering that we've already cut down the number of ticket offices in Chicago from seven to two, I think we're rolling."

Railroad companies used to waste untold sums on the stocking and preparing of food, but now the operation is in the hands of what Amtrak people fondly call the German Section—Eric von Schilgen, who came from Pan Am, and Ernie Burghardt, a former American Airlines operative. They want to throw out the old ovens and long galleys, cut down on cooking time, add better quality beer and wine. The two were deep in thought on a recent Monday, their battle plans scribbled on a blackboard. Von Schilgen, young, earnest, harried by deadlines, put aside his figurings for a moment, walked over to a table, and picked up two plastic glasses. "These," he said, "will replace twenty-eight different kinds of containers now in use. Everything will be standardized—china, linens, silver. We don't care if we make a profit; our goal in food and beverage is to break even. We'll be getting away from airline food, the reconstituted stuff. If you want lobster thermidor, we'll have it. Or prime ribs, steamboat round roast, good wine, the works."

Von Schilgen put down the glasses and began to speak in a low-key pep-talk tone that might have come from the Redskin locker room. "We have an emotional feeling here at Amtrak," he said. "We feel we can really do a job. I guess we're all idealists. There are no corporate cliques in this office. You can do what you think is right."

Coming from an American railroad official, the words sounded as strange and futuristic as the buildings of L'Enfant Plaza looked from the window. Then a train passed on the tracks below, three or four Seaboard Coast cars sandwiching a faded yellow Union Pacific coach, and the reality came back. It will be a long haul.

(This is the first of two articles.)



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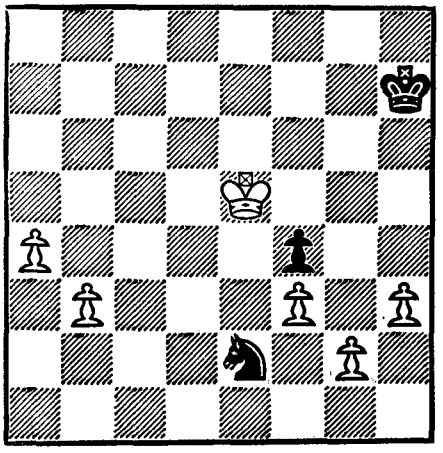
Chess Corner No. 166

According to the Laws of Chess, a three-time repetition of position with the same man on the move, if confirmed by the score sheet and claimed, is a draw. Hence, the Bobby Fischer-Mark Taimanov match—the American genius vs. the Soviet Grandmaster—inaugurated the repetition when Taimanov, two games before the end, claimed *nervous exhaustion*. Fischer posted a 6-0 score. Then Fischer met Bent Larsen, the Great Dane, and two games before the end Larsen claimed nervous exhaustion. Here, too, Fischer scored 6-0. And finally, in the Fischer vs. Tigran Petrosian match, the former champion of the world, with two games to go, claimed *nervous exhaustion*. Fischer won, 6½-2½.

Thus, Petrosian could have invoked the draw under the three-time repetition of position.



The Final Position

French Defense

Fischer White	Petrosian Black	Fischer White	Petrosian Black
1 P-K4	P-K3	24 P-B3	N-R4
2 P-Q4	P-Q4	25 R-B6	N-B5
3 N-QB3	N-QB3	26 R-Q2	KR-K1
4 PxP	PxP	27 RxP	R-K8ch
5 N-B3	N-B3	28 K-B2	R-KR8
6 B-QN5	B-KN5	29 K-N3	N-R4ch
7 P-KR3	BxN	30 K-R4	P-N3
8 QxB	B-K2	31 RxQP	R-K1
9 B-N5	P-QR3	32 RxP	R/K-K8
10 BxNch	PxB	33 N-B3	N-B5
11 O-O	O-O	34 K-N4	N-K3
12 KR-K1	P-R3	35 R-K5	P-B4ch
13 B-R4	Q-Q2	36 K-N3	P-B5ch
14 R-K2	P-QR4	37 K-R4	K-R2
15 QR-K1	B-Q1	38 N-K4	P-N4ch
16 P-QN3	R-N1	39 K-N4	N-N2
17 N-R4	N-K5	40 NxPch	PxN
18 BxB	QRxB	41 RxR	RxR
19 Q-B4	Q-Q3	42 KxP	N-K3ch
20 QxQ	PxQ	43 K-B5	R-K7
21 P-QB4	N-B3	44 RxR	NxPch
22 R-QB1	R-N1	45 K-K5	NxR
23 PxP	PxP	46 P-QR4	Resigns

Al Horowitz

London Letter

Continued from page 25

Exhibition of 1851, of which he was the chief sponsor.

Not far away from Prince Albert, in Kensington Gardens, are two other statues. One is of Peter Pan, sculpted by George Frampton, presented to the city in 1917 by an anonymous donor. Facing P. P. is the statue of Edward Jenner, who in 1796 vaccinated a little boy with cowpox and so, by discovering how to eradicate smallpox, became one of the greatest benefactors of children.

The Peter Pan statue is the most popular in London. Practically nobody turns around to look at Jenner. Hardly anybody has any idea who he was or what he did.

At home, when a Congressional committee tables a bill, the bill is in effect shelved, shoved aside, forgotten. Here, when a Parliamentary committee tables a bill, the meaning is the other way round: The bill is considered ready for discussion and vote. It's all rather like the word "cleave," the only other English word I know that has two diametrically opposite definitions.

Another local oddity: It is against the rules in England for the press to report the name of a person arrested on suspicion of having committed a crime. The papers may report only that "a man is assisting the police." When a prisoner goes on trial, the papers describe him as white, colored, Indian, Pakistani, or Oriental.

In royal establishments, such as Hampton Court and St. James's Palace, I have noticed that there are private apartments occupied by private individuals. They are known, I learned, as "grace and favour" flats, given by the Sovereign to persons in modest circumstances who once were ladies in waiting, colonels in the army—in general, people who before retirement rendered outstanding personal or distinguished service to the Crown.

Now that *The Little Red Schoolbook* has appeared in the United States, readers of an earlier column of mine [*SR*, July 3] may be interested in knowing what finally happened to the filthy little thing over here. First, an injunction prohibited its distribution. Then the publisher was held for trial and convicted under the Obscene Publications Act. A revised and "expurgated" edition was issued recently, with red stickers pasted over the portions considered offensive. Because the stickers could be peeled off easily, the "new" version has been removed from the market by the authorities.

Don't go to the Orient on Pan Am or Japan Air Lines or TWA or Varig or Philippine Airlines or Canadian Pacific Air or Northwest Orient Airlines...

...without the 1972 Cathay Pacific Airways book of Orient Discovery Tours.

Big-hearted?
No-just realistic. You see, Cathay Pacific can't get you there from here. So we leave that to our friends, the transpacific carriers. But once in the Orient, you're ours. So we go all out to tempt you with our tempting book of Orient vacation ideas. 64 tours and de-tours from plain to fancy. From the folks who know the far East like a book... a book.

Free!
Yes. Tempt me, with your big idea book.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
My travel agent is_____
Cathay Pacific Airways—Dept. SR-C-1/72
291 Geary St., San Francisco, CA 94102
The airline to fly in the Orient after you fly to the Orient.

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Music to My Ears

Holiday Music in Hawaii

HONOLULU, HAWAII

Robert LaMarchina's holiday offering to his Honolulu Symphony audience in the island capital's concert hall was, indeed, a program for holidays. As seasonal celebration, it brought together Dave Brubeck's *The Light in the Wilderness,* for which the composer was a participant (along with sons Chris and Dan); Aaron Copland's *Lincoln Portrait* as a Februarian observance; and Don Gillis's Symphony No. 5½, which might become either the Fourth of July or Labor Day. None of the works had been heard, live, on the island before.

This is not unexpected in the instance of the Gillis and Brubeck works, worthy as they are in their separate ways, but it challenges credibility in the case of the Copland, perhaps his most performed work since its composition nearly thirty years ago. The more credit, then, to LaMarchina for pioneering its introduction, especially in a performance of breadth and verve, sensitivity and conscientious detail. As the last in the long line of speakers of Lincoln's words known to me—from Will Geer through Carl Sandburg, Adlai Stevenson, Melvyn Douglas, Gregory Peck, and John V. Lindsay—was Senator Daniel K. Inouye, a special favorite of the local public. His quietly understated but no less eloquent articulation of such Lincolnian words as "Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history" was verified by the empty right sleeve of his jacket, the cuff neatly tucked into the pocket. It memorialized the arm he lost in 1944, while serving with the 442nd Regimental Combat Team in Europe. Not in the least oratorical, Senator Inouye's discourse made an admirable counterpart to LaMarchina's well-informed treatment of Copland's still stirring music.

Symphonic music, Hawaiian style, runs to such deviations from mainland custom as a 4 o'clock Sunday matinee that precedes the second concert of the pair, on Tuesday evening; an ample intermission interval that is still not long enough to savor the aromatic air of all the lawns and shrubbery surrounding the 2,100-seat concert hall; and much more informality of dress than prevails elsewhere. But it conformed to symphonic life throughout the fifty states in presenting an intermission speaker who urged contributions to the sustaining fund, recently upped from $101,000 to more than twice as much. So modest an amount—compared to deficit financing elsewhere—should certainly be forthcoming to enable LaMarchina, a major musician who began his orchestral career as the youngest member of the cello section of the NBC Symphony under Arturo Toscanini, to continue the steady upgrading of effort and output that began after his arrival in Hawaii in 1967.

Very possibly it was LaMarchina's NBC background that brought about the performance of the Gillis Symphony. As well as being an excellent musician, Gillis was a member of the NBC Symphony's production staff and a man for whom Toscanini had the affection to study and perform the Symphony No. 5½ in 1947. A sprightly, well-written work that, in a manner of speaking, begins with a finale ("Perpetual Motion") and goes on from there, it never takes itself too seriously. On the other hand, it was written to be played by a virtuoso orchestra. That LaMarchina managed to project not only the spirit but also the letter of the work was a tribute to the meticulous, highly disciplined effort he has invested in making an ensemble of seventy-odd players.

Brubeck's *Light in the Wilderness* posed a problem of another sort: how to hold together such elements as an orchestra, a choral group (the Honolulu Chorale, well trained by Don Alton), and the jazzy Brubeck Trio. To my taste, LaMarchina succeeded better than might have been anticipated from the Decca recording of the work. Its intentions are still more admirable than its realization, however.

Though the promise of a rewarding musical experience is not likely to swing a traveler's choice of transport from one 747 to another, Pan Am's effort in this far-from-commercial category deserves both mention and appreciation. In a recent Pacific flight hereward, recourse to headphones and tape provided much-above-average diversion, especially in a Schubert program and in another of operatic material. Each had been specially assembled and edited.

Irving Kolodin

"Meistersinger" à la King

Since its first performance at the Met in 1962, the Merrill-O'Hearn production of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* has borne a procession of new faces in and out of the half-dozen leading roles. But few combinations have been as strong as those in the fourth and current revival, which manages the right blend of past and present. Most vital to the infusion of new life into the opera is the presence of Thomas Schippers in the pit (Joseph Rosenstock had led all performances since 1962). Schippers does not yet have the work completely in hand, but the performance builds to considerable strength after an Overture and first act filled with more than a few raucous, unhomogenized sounds—particularly in strings and brass. In Act Two he settles into *Meistersinger* as it must be treated: as a dialogue between singers and orchestra, buoyed by unfaltering atmosphere. From the suavely played Act Three Prelude through the broad finale, Schippers has a raw dramatic vitality and remarkable sense of architecture in his plan. Now that he has found the blueprint and propulsion for his performance, he can begin to probe the more profound aspects, as well as the riches in the quieter portions.

Crucial, too, to the new components is the American tenor James King's first local Walther von Stolzing. As in past Met assignments, he sings with remarkable fullness and solidity, his voice easily filling the house with ingratiating sound, particularly in the climactic "Prize Song." But as yet his Walther is a cipher, a vocal achievement of high order still not wedded to the sense of ardor befitting a romantic knight. His portrayal seems grimly earnest rather than poetic and idealistic. A new figure to the American stage is an experienced baritone from Europe, Benno Kusche, who made his debut as Sixtus Beckmesser. He has brought with him a character rather than a caricature. His aspiring town clerk is foolish and high-strung, but always sympathetic, amusing, and human. Vocally, he is a highly expressive artist. Among the other Mastersingers, Donald Gramm was an effective Kothner.

One of the glories of the 1968-69 revival was Giorgio Tozzi's first Hans Sachs, which now can be firmly implanted in the roster of great portrayals—he has moved from silver plate into solid sterling. With spontaneity and naturalness, with subtle unstagy touches, he encompasses Sachs's full personality: his warmth, compassion, wisdom, humor, immense humanity, and, yes, his temperament. With this characterization has come vocalism that is even riper and more settled than before. On a similar plateau is Pilar Lorengar's Eva, a high-spirited, lovable, vocally sunny creature who certainly would be prizeworthy in anyone's book. Loren Driscoll returned as David, with a bit more girth this time, but still boyish and fresh of tone. Shirley Love made a positive Magdalene. Ezio Flagello was the rough-sounding Pogner.

Robert Jacobson

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The Moral Imbecility of a Would-Be Wunderkind

by CHRISTOPHER RICKS

COLERIDGE, THE DAMAGED ARCHANGEL

by Norman Fruman

Braziller, 607 pp., $12.50

Samuel Taylor Coleridge hated his own face. The forehead and eyes were intelligent and strong; the rest of it fell away into flabby irresolution. Was he two people—a genius and a wastrel? He gave his life to a gigantic attempt to harmonize and synthesize into one comprehensive system all of man's achievements and aspirations: in poetry and prose, literature and the sciences, religion and philosophy, thought and feeling. But he was not only driven by this unifying obsession, he was riven by it. The same pained puzzlement Coleridge felt when he thought about the novelist Samuel Richardson (a writer greatly to be admired, but "his mind is so very vile a mind—so oozy, hypocritical, praise-mad, canting, envious, concupiscent") rebounds upon Coleridge himself, that struggle of "*knowing, feeling,* a man to be *one*, yet not understanding how to think of him but as two." Coleridge's friend and brother-in-law, Robert Southey, spoke candidly: "We must take him as he is, alike unequalled for moral imbecility and intellectual strength." The argument of Norman Fruman's study is that Southey's candor about Coleridge's "moral imbecility and intellectual strength" has been insufficiently emulated by the Coleridge scholars. They lean over backwards, this being the best posture for averting their eyes both from Coleridge's actual duplicities and from their implications.

Coleridge, The Damaged Archangel, which ushers in its subject's bicentennial, is a fascinating book about a fascinating man. That is not the same as saying that it is an exceptionally good book. For, while it deserves to be widely read and deeply thought about, the work is flawed in two important ways. First, the style is often overwrought, ostentatious, and at odds with itself: for instance, we are told that "Noteworthy is the complete absence of any suggestion of spiritual or therapeutic fallout [!] in the contemplation of nature." Second (and relevant), Mr. Fruman's pertinacity, though intelligent, is not exactly that of a literary critic. He is strong on literary ethics and argumentation, but he is not particularly adept at noticing anything that others haven't already commented on concerning the subtle interplay of word within word in a great poem. So much of his imaginative energy goes, rightly, into insisting that certain matters mustn't be swept under the carpet that he hasn't much left for contemplating the intricate patterning of the carpet itself.

Coleridge's moral imbecility—was opium to blame? Mr. Fruman maintains that, like Coleridge himself, the Coleridge scholars use the drug as the scapegoat-*cum*-villain, a gratifying extraneous explanation for all that went wrong with the man. But more crucial than his taking of opium was his habit of lifting other people's property. Literary theft. Plagiarism. A few months after Coleridge's death, his friend, rival, and fellow-opium addict Thomas de Quincey accused Coleridge of having been a plagiarist. For more than a century now, scholars have amassed evidence and wrangled about this issue. Half of Mr. Fruman's book is about Coleridge's plagiarism; the other half

CHRISTOPHER RICKS, professor of English at the University of Bristol (England) and visiting professor at Harvard, has written, among numerous other books, a critical study of Tennyson, which will be published this spring.

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deals with the deep doubts and dismays within Coleridge that may have motivated this perilous, obsessive behavior. In brief, the argument is that all his life Coleridge plagiarized, for his poems, his editorial work, his criticism, his philosophy, his scientific claims; that on all such occasions he made use of an ingenious bolt-hole by which he either made specific acknowledgment to someone other than his principal victim or granted him a tiny misleading acknowledgment; that his persistent attacks on other people for plagiarism are not only a general indication of his guilty conscience, but are often directed toward those who impinge upon his own sources.

And the psychological reason for all this? Mr. Fruman argues that the death of Coleridge's father, the boy's neglect by his mother, his hatred of his siblings, and his sufferings at school subsequently gave him an urgent need to have been a young prodigy and to have antedated everybody's thoughts on everything. This "*Wunderkind* compulsion," together with his complete inability to be patient, manifested a total commitment to instant gratification and instant praise (the other side of the coin of Coleridge's procrastination?). Later in his life the disaster of his marriage, and the misery of his love for Sara Hutchinson, deepened his revulsion from sex and his alienation from himself. The plagiarism, then, is the lifelong habit—perhaps at once remission and punishment?—of a deeply divided man.

So far, Mr. Fruman has a good case, and he makes it well. Without rancor, he demonstrates Coleridge's equivocations and appropriations—no single instance of which cannot be explained away, but which, taken together, form a pattern too obvious to ignore. No other writer accused so many other writers of plagiarism (Locke, Hume, Voltaire, Johnson, Hazlitt, Scott, Rogers, Mackintosh, and Erasmus Darwin, among others). No other writer accused so falsely and so roundly. In the case of Hume, for example, the supposedly pilfered-from book was one that had no bearing on the allegedly plagiarized passage, nor were the marginal comments, as Coleridge claimed, in Hume's hand. Few other writers delivered themselves so often of so many and such contradictory statements on plagiarism. No other writer was so quick to say that others pilfered from him. None was so itchy, so unceasingly compelled to finger this scab. In his own words, "Plagiarists suspicious of being pilfer'd —as pickpockets are observed commonly to walk with their hands in their breeches-pockets."

Critics will undoubtedly complain

Samuel Taylor Coleridge—"plagiarism."

that Mr. Fruman has gone too far, both in accusing Coleridge and in psychoanalyzing his dreams. But, as T. S. Eliot said, "except in directions in which we can go too far there is no interest in going at all; and only those who will risk going too far can possibly find out just how far one can go." No, the trouble with *Coleridge, The Damaged Archangel* is that it goes in too few directions. The author too narrowly restricts himself to Coleridge's psychology. His reluctance to speculate more widely about the psychology of Romanticism and indeed of literary creation (many of the accusations *in re* Coleridge could with equal justice be leveled against that very different figure, Alexander Pope) leaves Coleridge darkly isolated. Moreover there is a misty gap between his psychological malaise—on which Mr. Fruman is generally convincing—and the particular activity, plagiarism, which both evidenced, and protected him against, that malaise.

Mr. Fruman returns more than once to the word *Wunderkind*, hoping that it will do more for him than he allows it to do. So let us take that most potent *Wunderkind*, "Chatterton, the marvellous boy." Mr. Fruman has two good paragraphs on Coleridge and Thomas Chatterton, the infant prodigy, the forger of "medieval" poems whose talents and cunning divided literary England. Recalling that Coleridge's friend Joseph Cottle had remarked that "in certain features of their character, there was a strong resemblance between Chatterton and S. T. Coleridge," Mr. Fruman lists a number of coincidences, then underrates their significance. Coleridge—whose "Monody on the Death of Chatterton" is, as Mr. Fruman says, his earliest important poem —was fascinated by Chatterton's career and suicide. There were biographical parallels, including Coleridge's years in Bristol and his getting married, as he himself noted, in "poor Chatterton's Church" there. Coleridge also adopted the same pseudonym, "Bristoliensis," that Chatterton had used for his forgeries. (One might wonder whether Coleridge, obsessed as he was by names, had perhaps noticed that S.T.C. incorporated T.C.) Furthermore, and of greater significance, Coleridge wrote: "I have ample materials for a most interesting Historical & Metaphysical Essay on Literary Forgery." Mr. Fruman's interest in all this is limited to a cursory glance and a word or two about literary ethics. Yet with Chatterton's forgery, and Coleridge's interest in forgery (he urged Charles Lamb to undertake "the forgery of a supposed manuscript of Burton, the anatomist of melancholy"), we come to a crucial context for Coleridge's psychology as an individual: Romanticism and its peculiar relation to literary ethics.

The kind of consideration which comes to mind (and which doesn't contradict Mr. Fruman's analysis of Coleridge the individual—complements it, rather) was raised in a *Times Literary Supplement* review on July 23, 1971, of Chatterton's poems (specific acknowledgment: Coleridge, please note). The anonymous critic pointed out that, like Chatterton's forgeries, Romanticism itself "depended in part on a certain gullibility in readers, a willingness to be duped"; that the cult of ruins, including modern faked ones, paralleled the cult of the fraudulently horrific Gothic novel, and paralleled, too, the Romantic willingness to accept Coleridge's word that he did have the vision of "Kubla Khan" that he said the person from Porlock interrupted. "Romantics and forgers," the reviewer continues, "are necessarily on amicable terms, because both demand that we submit to an illusion, that we concur in waking and finding a dream to be truth." The whole of the review, though it mentions Coleridge only in passing, is germane to Coleridge, a writer fascinated by Chatterton and by forgery—and by plagiarism, a form of forgery. It is not the least of the ironies of Coleridge's life that we owe a great deal of his recorded conversation and lectures to the pen of John Payne Collier, literary forger *par excellence*.

To have isolated Coleridge from the general predicaments and strains of writing, and in particular from those of Romantic writing, then, is to limit to merely individual psychology and ethics a phenomenon that is larger and odder. Why was forgery and plagiarism so rife in that era, and not just in Coleridge? Is it a coincidence that it should be our contemporary, the Scottish poet Hugh MacDiarmid, a man of intellectual, encyclopedic, and unifying aspirations on a Coleridgean scale, who (as Mr. Fruman reminds us) has recently

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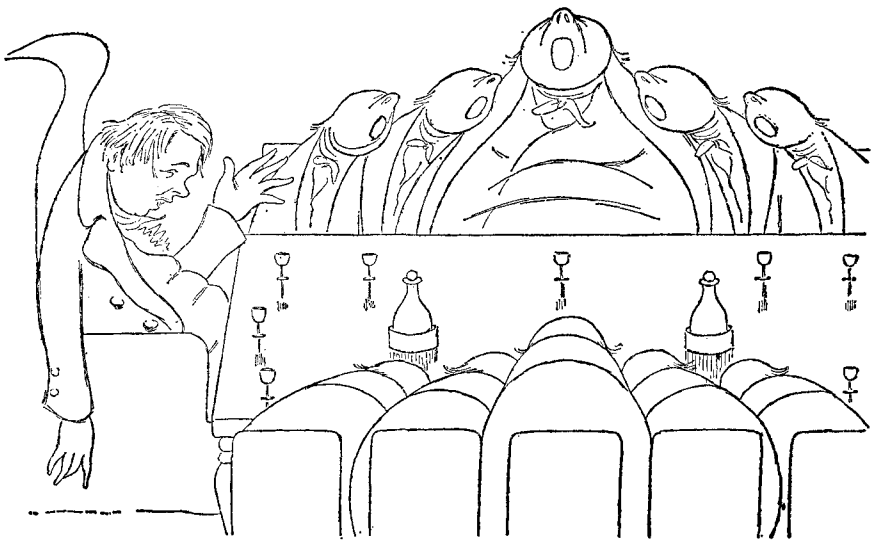

COLERIDGE TABLE-TALKING.

Cartoon by Max Beerbohm of Coleridge (left)—a "windy fiasco."

been faulted for the strangest acts of borrowing? Mr. Fruman points out, too, that De Quincey—he who accused Coleridge of plagiarism—outplagiarized even Coleridge. But, just as it won't do to leave unexplored the implications of its being MacDiarmid, and not one of his peers, who has so amply copied others, so it won't do to leave the case of De Quincey at the level merely of the courtroom: pot calling kettle black. We must ask *why* Coleridge and De Quincey were in the same boat, the same haunted bark.

As the title and argument of Walter Jackson Bate's book, *The Burden of the Past*, might remind us, Romanticism, though committed to the new, was weighed down with a crippling sense of the old, of the burden of that past which seemed to have said all that is worth saying. In Coleridge's words, any poet will now find his poem to be "against his will and without his previous consciousness, a cento of lines that had pre-existed in other works; and this it is which makes poetry so very difficult, because so very easy, in the present day." Much of the paradox of Romanticism lurks there; plagiarism, forgery, adaptation, translation—all were ways of coping with such disabling pressures. Mr. Fruman quotes Coleridge's "The Reproof and Reply":

> Well, well, he shall not forfeit our regards—
> The Eighth Commandment was not made for Bards!

The question is: Is literary property property? Mr. Fruman himself recalls how drastically Coleridge changed his mind about the rights of property, and how totally he refused to admit it, but Mr. Fruman does not bring this into any real relation to that strange form of theft, plagiarism.

Literary ethics exist; they are, however, more perplexing than Mr. Fruman concedes. What precisely was meant, after all, when it was said of Ben Jonson that what would have been theft in others was only monarchy in him? "You track him everywhere in their snow": it was a beautiful and mysterious metaphor (snow? was it really *their* snow?), and it brings out the fact that imaginative creation, imaginative gratitude and ownership, cannot simply be *assimilated* to other moral considerations. Take one of Mr. Fruman's most charming examples. Coleridge reported that the following epigram had been recited to him by someone who claimed to have made it up:

> To the author of the Ancient Mariner
>
> Your poem must eternal be,
> Dear sir! It cannot fail,
>
> For 'tis incomprehensible,
> And without head or tail.

Coleridge, good-humored at the recollection, maintained that he had himself written and published this in the *Morning Post*. The plot thickens, though, since not only had it been published there as "To Mr. Pye on his *Carmen Seculare*," it was an unacknowledged adaptation of an epigram by the German critic and dramatist Gotthold Lessing. True, the ethics of Coleridge's claim should give us pause, as should also his psychology—but exactly what sort of world are we in when our minds revolve these ludicrous wheels-within-wheels? The world, I should say, of Laurence Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, that pre-Romantic masterpiece of wheels-within-wheels which so fascinated Coleridge (he wrote about it very subtly). It is Sterne who comprehends the infinite regression of literary plagiarism, the teasing and tormenting self-consciousness of modern literary creation, and how plagiarism and self-consciousness have begun to dominate the literary consciousness and conscience of the age:

> Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we for ever to be twisting and untwisting the same rope?

But Sterne's joke is that Sterne has himself lifted all that from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Sterne plagiarizes in order to speak against plagiarism. In any case, Burton himself, it seems, had borrowed most of the passage from someone else in turn. Burton, whom Coleridge urged Lamb to forge.

So when Mr. Fruman spells out the terrible tragicomedy of Coleridge's windy fiasco—the great philosophical synthesis which was to be his "Opus Maximum," his *Logosophia*, which ended as mere rubble and stubble—and when, moreover, Mr. Fruman reminds us that "the announcement of unwritten books as ready, or almost ready, for publication was a persistent eccentricity of Coleridge's," I am reminded of that other brilliant eccentric, Tristram Shandy's father, with his great unwritten masterpieces, his life of Socrates, *his* "Opus Maximum" and life's work—his *Tristra-paedia*, a unified system of education for his son Tristram, which (like the great procrastinations of Coleridge) fell further and further behind, since the elder Shandy's composition could not keep pace with the speed of his son's growth.

What limits *The Damaged Archangel*—what keeps it from releasing the full energies and illuminations of the bizarre materials that are shrewdly brought together—is the fact that the author rests content with juxtaposing Coleridge's plagiarisms and his psychology, instead of intergrafting them. Mr. Fruman does not sufficiently consider the psychological and ethical implications of plagiarism, within the context not only of what strange activities writing and reading are anyway, but also of the special constraints and anxieties of Romanticism. Nor does he sufficiently consider the relation of Coleridge's psychological contours and convolutions to the act of writing itself. Coleridge's writings and Coleridge's dreams are too rooted here in some prior biographical shaping of his imagination: his despairing childhood and dismayed manhood. One can appreciate what Mr. Fruman says of them, yet feel that he should have more directly related those terrifying dreams and fantasies to the terrors of literary creation itself. The author of *Tristram Shandy*, for instance, would

(Continued on page 49)

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GEMINI:
An Extended Autobiographical Statement on My First Twenty-Five Years of Being a Black Poet

by Nikki Giovanni

Bobbs-Merrill, 149 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Jerry H. Bryant

■ *Gemini* is a collection of miscellaneous essays—roughly half of them autobiographical; the rest, critical and political—written by a young poet whose name is Nikki Giovanni and who describes herself a black revolutionary. Miss Giovanni allows her sense of commitment to lead her into making some rather foolish assertions. Thus, in one anthropologically dubious chapter, called "The Weather as Cultural Determiner," she asserts that Africa's balmy climate established in the genes of all blacks a harmony with nature that whites, originating in the cold North, can never hope to enjoy. Moreover, with their racial memories of a warm past and of eons spent in living unencumbered by heavy clothes, blacks are naturally more open, more joyous, more rhythmical beings than are the pinched, dour, stiff whites. There are no good white men. The whites have never produced an original genius. Shakespeare and Cervantes? Honkies! The best of white culture was stolen from the blacks.

The trouble is not merely that this sounds very much like the cant of a white supremacist in reverse, but that Miss Giovanni does not even abide by her own spurious logic. Whites complain, she writes, that black people "have no ability to delay gratification." This, she adds, "is in my opinion not only true but good." And, again, in the same vein: "A Black man today with a million dollars will spend it and have a ball. A white man will invest and save." Later, however, she laments the fact that black people are unable to delay getting their fill of Aretha Franklin, and that their demands on the singer are killing her. "We eat up artists," Miss Giovanni writes, with ungrammatical abandon, "like there's going to be a famine in three minutes when there are in fact an abundance of talents just waiting."

There is, admittedly, more to the book than this. In the autobiographical sections we learn that the author grew up in Knoxville, Tennessee; that she was part of a middle-class family which consisted in large part of teachers and social workers; that she attended Fisk University, but was asked to leave because her attitudes were unbecoming to a Fisk woman; and that she returned home a wiser and more independent young woman. Miss Giovanni draws a fine portrait of her grandmother, Louvenia, whose spirit of independence as evidenced in her behavior toward white people kept her husband in a state of perpetual embarrassment. And the poet shows her father to be a practical man, skeptical of his daughter's revolutionary friends who are unacquainted with the humdrum routine of those who must work for a living. Yet these reminiscences have little substance. The glimpses we are given of Miss Giovanni's childhood are, as it were, seen from a distance and through a haze. Nor does the author of these essays ever reveal herself, either as an artist or as a woman. She writes a great deal about love, but she seems to be a little frightened of it. The only men mentioned with any affection are her father and her grandfathers. She says nothing at all about the father of her son.

Miss Giovanni's social and literary criticism is similarly sketchy. She takes on but never seems able to come to grips with the work of Charles Chesnutt (to whom she devotes a chapter, and whose name she spells Chestnutt throughout), James Baldwin, John O. Killens, John A. Williams, and Ralph Ellison. Nor does she go very deeply into the social issues she writes about: the relationship between black men and women, the character of African and West Indian blacks, or the question of poetry and politics.

Much of this book's weakness, and a large portion of my negative reaction to it, stems from the attitude Miss Giovanni has chosen to adopt: the pose of childlike defiance. This role, she appears to believe, entitles her to the same privileges and protection that are a child's due. It permits her to meander, to contradict herself, to throw logic to the winds. Carried to an extreme, however, this rebellious ingenuousness can only do Miss Giovanni harm—as a woman, as a poet, and as a revolutionary.

"Good morning, Miss. I'm your friendly neighborhood dirty old man!"

Jerry H. Bryant teaches English at California State College, Hayward. The author of "The Open Decision: The Contemporary American Novel and Its Intellectual Background," he is currently completing a book on fiction written by black Americans since 1945.

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GIRL, 20

by Kingsley Amis

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich,
253 pp., $5.95

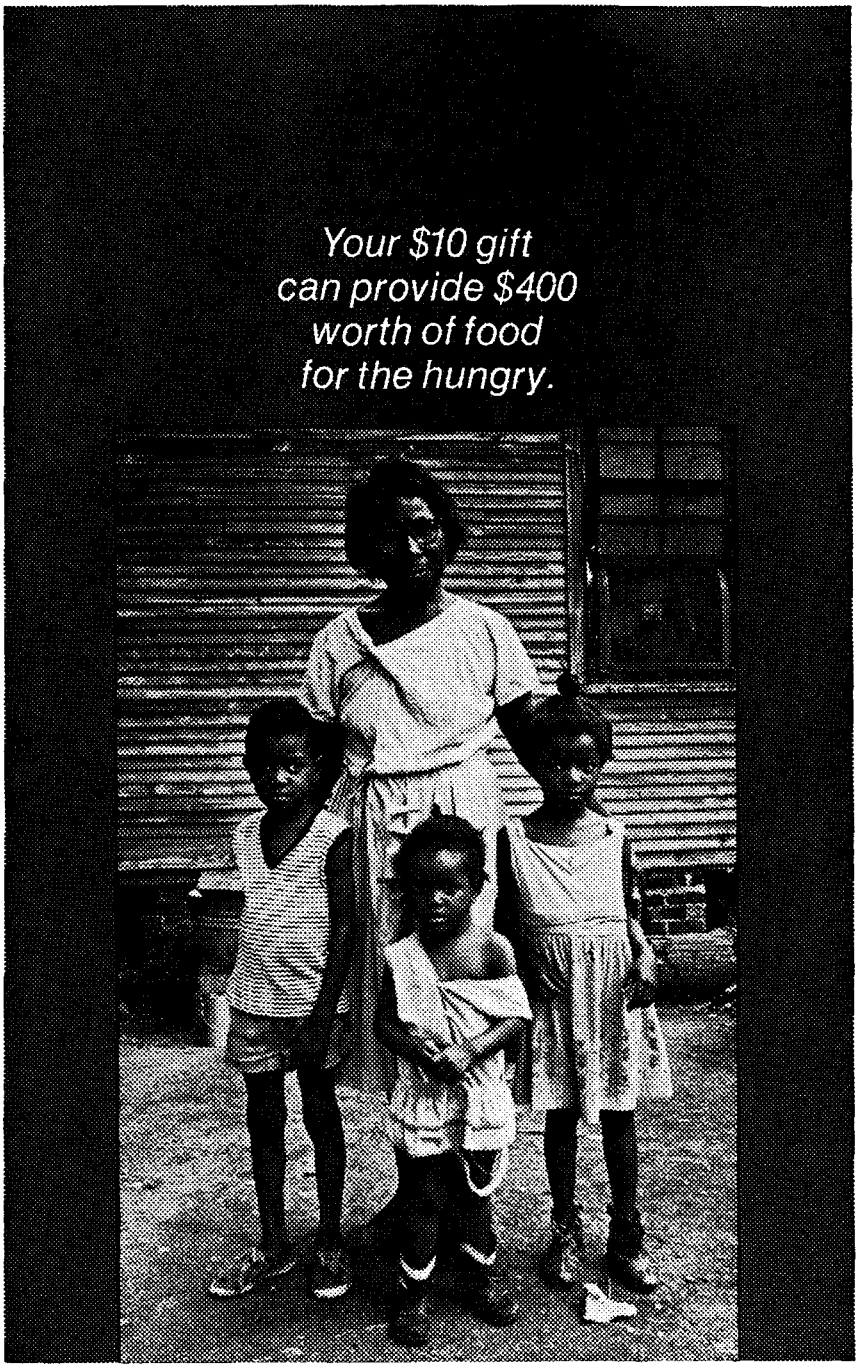
Reviewed by Paul Schleuter

■ Some years back a critic named Ralph Caplan noted that Kingsley Amis's distinctive gift as a mordantly comic novelist was his ability to make us laugh at frustration while simultaneously sharing the anguish of that frustration. And although relatively little of this sense of frustration was found in the novels after *Lucky Jim* (1954), his first—and best—book, and even less of Amis's comic sense was apparent in *The Green Man* (1970), both traits are distinctly present in *Girl, 20.*

His focus here is not upon a professor (as in *Lucky Jim*) or a novelist (*I Like It Here*) or a librarian (*That Uncertain Feeling*) but a musician—or rather two men from the world of music. One is the narrator, Douglas Yandell, a thirty-three-year-old music critic for a London paper; the other is Sir Roy Vandervane, a fifty-four-year-old conductor-composer. Vandervane mentions having once read of a man who got aroused from reading the words "Girl, 20" in a want-ad column. He himself engages in a semi-public liaison with Sylvia, the seventeen-year-old hippie daughter of Yandell's editor; meanwhile, Yandell becomes involved not only with a mature mistress, whom he shares with another man, but with Vandervane's barely nubile daughter.

The complications of such a mélange of pairings—and others as well—could serve well for a mere smut novel. But Amis never smirks: he employs these situations to examine the foolish desire of an established public figure to regain his youth and to explore the equally difficult position Yandell finds himself in by having to advise both Vandervane and his wife.

Yandell, who would prefer to work on his definitive study of Karl Maria von Weber, is only reluctantly drawn into Vandervane's world of protest movements, mod life-styles, and capitulations to pop tastes. Once involved, the critic acts as a moderating influence on the composer-conductor's excesses; at the same time, he finds his own professional and erotic dilemmas as insoluble of those of his elder friend. Rejecting much modern music, Yandell prefers the relatively controlled world of Weber. Vandervane, by contrast, is so caught up by the new that even his project of directing all the Mahler symphonies gets shunted aside in favor of an abortive performance of one of his own lesser works in a rock



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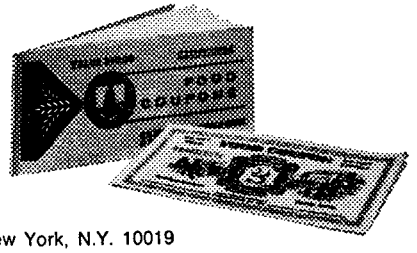

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festival hall. This aging satyr's pursuit of nymphets leads him even further astray. Mrs. Vandervane valiantly strives to understand precisely what it is her husband is after that she lacks. Her pursuit of enlightenment leads her, accompanied by the narrator, Yandell, to a more than face-to-face confrontation with the seventeen-year-old Sylvia in her room. Looking Sylvia over, the composer's wife says she cannot understand what "any man of the remotest intelligence or taste or discrimination" could possibly see in her.

"Oh, that's easy," said Sylvia. "I'll show you."

She drew the house-coat over her head and dumped it on the couch. Underneath she was wearing a brassiere and short knickers, not quite as clean as the coat, and these too she quickly removed. Kitty [Mrs. Vandervane] showed genuine consternation. I have no idea what I showed. Only one thing about Sylvia's body was clear to me: I could have no views on its beauty or health or likeness or unlikeness to others, because it was surmounted by Sylvia's head and face and because it belonged to Sylvia, but I could see . . . that it was a young body. . . .

"That's what he sees in me," said Sylvia. "Now get out of here, you old *buhg*. . . ."

Amis's talent for creating humorous situations, characters, and dialogue is as fresh as ever. As with Peter De Vries, whom he resembles in some ways, Amis also has a distinct undercurrent of pathos, darkness, and trauma. The result is not really a "new" Amis so much as a more mature examination of human foibles and excesses than was the case in his earlier novels. *Girl, 20* is first rate.

Paul Schleuter, who teaches English at the University of Evansville, has written a study of the fiction of Doris Lessing, which will be published this year.

GLORY

by Vladimir Nabokov
translated from the Russian by Dmitri Nabokov and the author

McGraw-Hill, 205 pp., $6.95

NABOKOV'S DECEPTIVE WORLD

by William Woodin Rowe

New York University Press, 193 pp., $8

Reviewed by J. D. O'Hara

■ Once upon a time, back when hope was possible and free will seemed a tenable proposition, many children looked forward to growing up; they thought that with maturity, hard work, and a little daring, all their dreams might come true. *Glory* is Nabokov's fifth novel. Written in his and the century's early thirties, and the last of his Russian *oeuvre* to be translated, it is the story of a sensitive, well-off, Russian boy (of Swiss ancestry) named Martin Edelweiss, who has a delightful childhood, is exiled to England by the revolution and by way of Greece, completes his education at Cambridge, lives for a time in Berlin . . . and who, with maturity, hard work, and a little daring, finds all his dreams come true.

Summarized in this fashion, *Glory* sounds like autobiography, and in fact Nabokov plundered it extensively when he wrote *Speak, Memory* (1960; revised 1966). *Glory* shares with that attractive work some of Nabokov's most pleasant qualities: quiet humor; sensuous absorption in moments of stopped time; evocations of childhood's dreamy experiences (snow, train rides, toys); and sympathetically funny descriptions of adolescence with its joint onslaughts of puberty and *poshlost'*. Eighteen-year-old Martin has a fine comic affair with one Alla Chernosvitov, twenty-five:

"I shall remain for you a glamorous dream. . . ." "I am insanely voluptuous. . . ." "You will never forget me, as one forgets 'an old novel read long ago' (know that song?)."

And in *Glory* as in *Speak, Memory* the revolution and exile are treated with customary Nabokovian coolness. The narrator criticizes Russian children's literature for "committing the sin of moralizing," and he is careful to avoid sin himself. He refers to the revolution only from a disdainful distance, as when he speaks of the trashed Edelweiss estate, "which the peasant chaps from the nearby village foolishly burned to the ground as it stood, instead of realizing a profit from the furnishings."

"Martin," Nabokov suggests, is "a distant cousin of mine (nicer than I, but also much more naïve than I ever was), with whom I share certain childhood memories, certain later likes and dislikes. . . ." But he has no gift; *Glory* is no portrait of the artist as a young man. Although his life abounds in incident, these events lack eventuation; Martin thinks of them as cars on one of his favorite dream-items, a train, with the various parts of his life sealed off and separate from one another, though hooked together. Nevertheless, Nabokov's fans will not need to be told that there's a correlated pattern in the game of life; with childhood stories and dreams begin the responsibilities of Martin's adult life, the obligation to plan and attempt a glorious exploit. (*Podvig*, the novel's Russian title, means "gallant feat.") In Martin's case "the gentle nudge that jars the soul into motion and sets it rolling" is "a watercolor depicting a dense forest with a winding path disappearing into its depths." All the jumbled, interechoing incidents of Martin's life gradually order themselves in his mind and ours as life's fating (and fitting) him to interpret that painting—whose meaning goes back to roots in his grandmother's childhood, and her nurse's stories, and Pushkin's—and to follow that path.

Nabokov's writing has always been haunted by a Manichean ghost: Rus, his beloved homeland, star of memory, and the USSR, its hissing anagrammatic shadow. It is this compound ghost against which Martin pits himself when he takes the long-prefigured path away from his mother's house and across the Russian border, into. . . .

Well, into Zoorland, which begins as Martin's fantasy of stupid, silent-majority dullness and ends as the sinister reality of Soviet Russia. ("Here's Carnagore," says a map-reader, ominously, "here's Torturovka, right on the bor-

"Look at it this way. You'll have a place to live while you're looking for a place to park."

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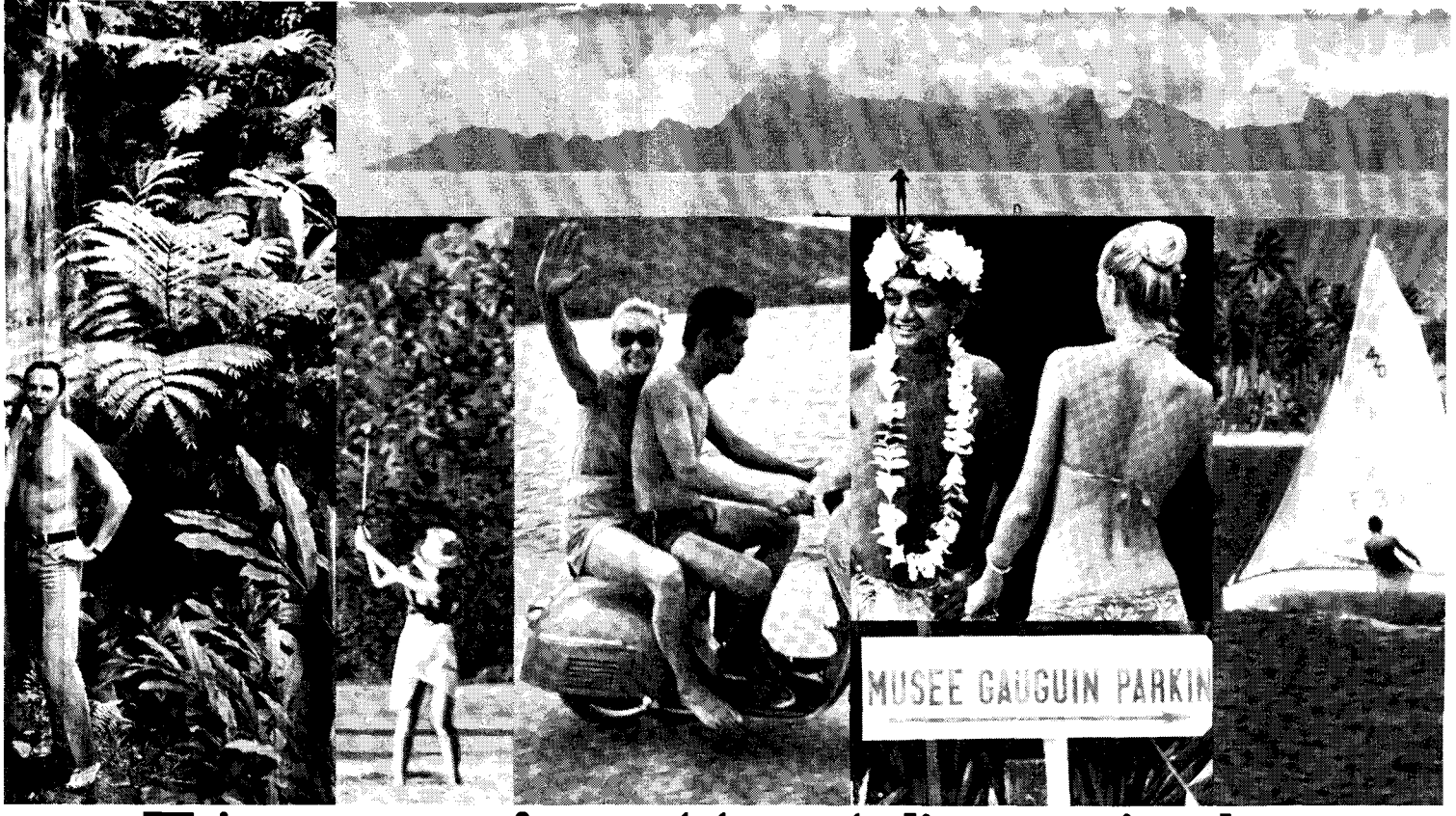

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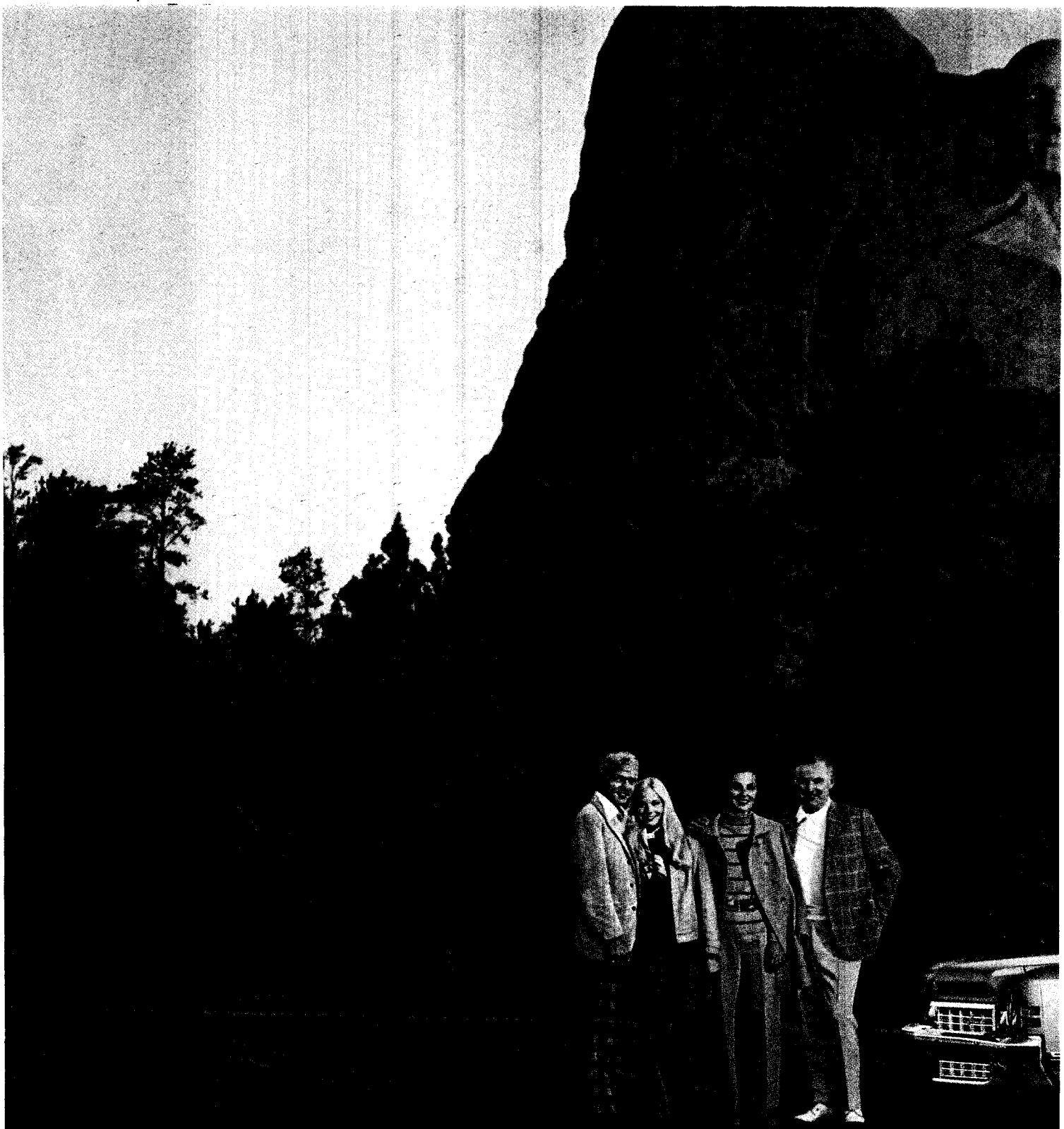

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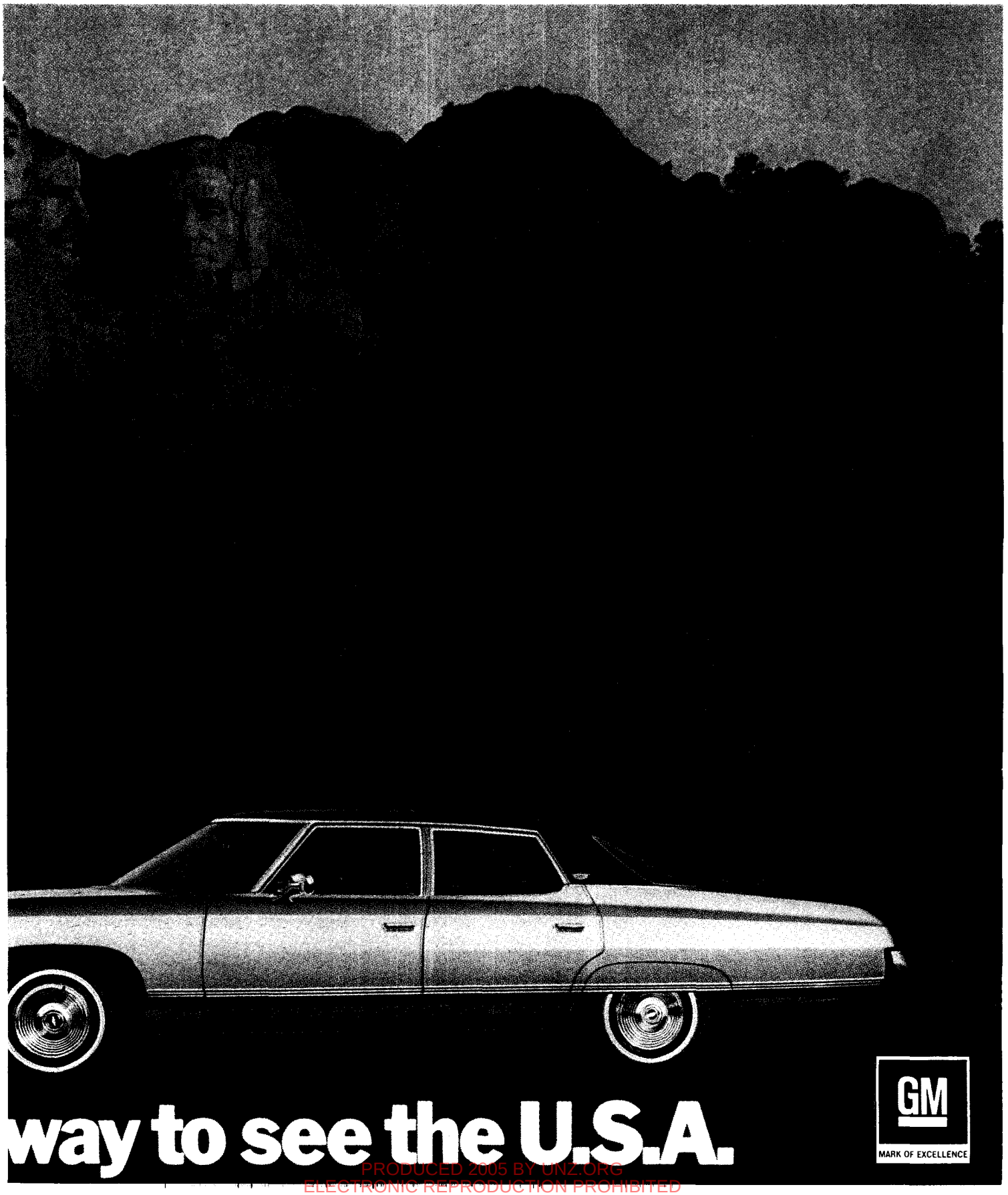

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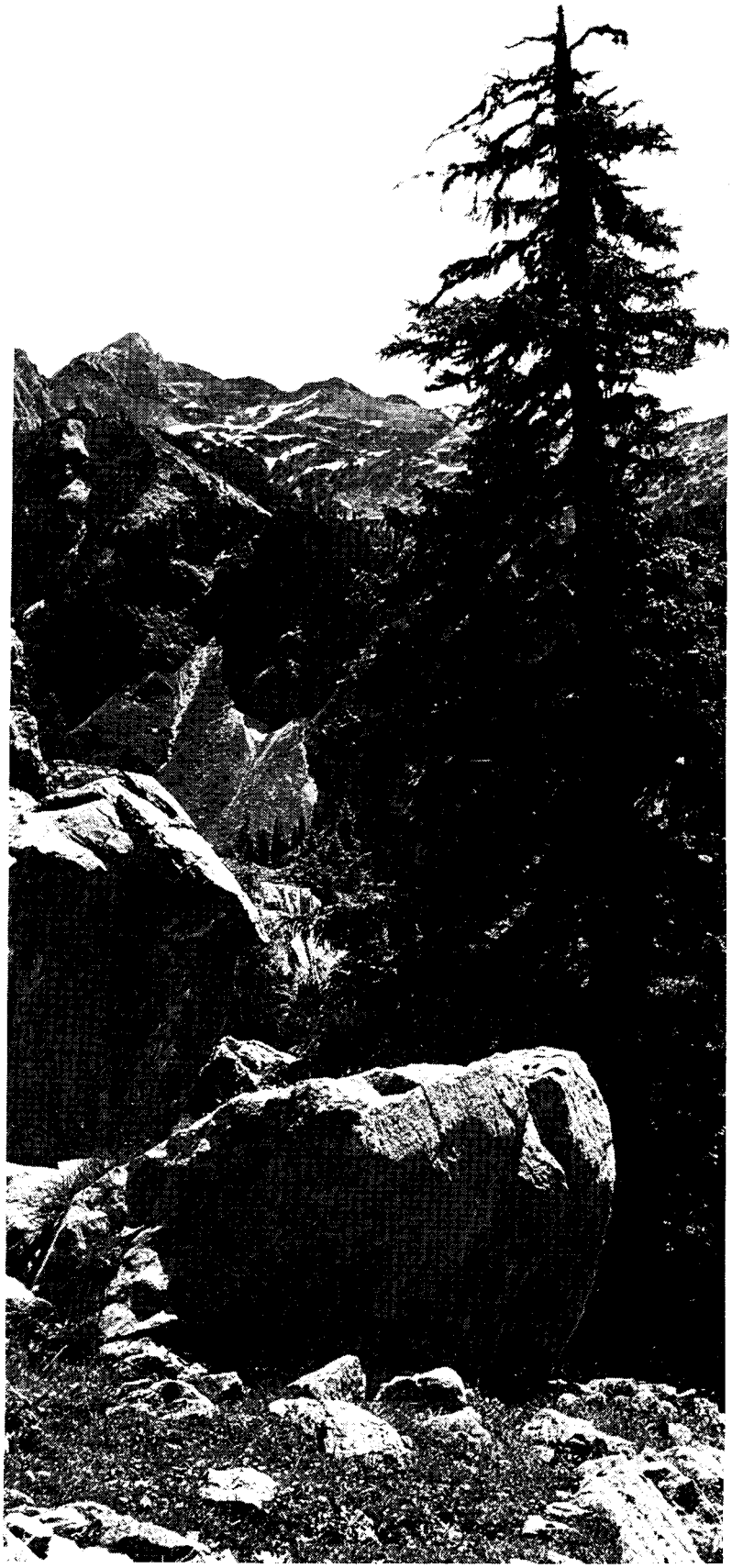

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der.") These names make it clear that Nabokov is no flincher: the dreams that come true for Martin are not evasions but heightened forms of existence, exalted responses to life. How can a writer evoke such experiences? When, in "The Eve of St. Agnes," Keats sends his lovers off into a storm of passion beyond anything he himself had known, he can only stand flatfooted and watch them go. When Cincinnatus C., the hero of Nabokov's *Invitation to a Beheading*, realizes that he is not like the Zoorlandian dullards around him, he too leaves us behind, while his discarded world crumbles like decaying stage props. When Hemingway deals with a struggle against mental illness and fear in "Big Two-Hearted River," his fisherman hero suggests worse struggles to come by putting off the swampy part of the river until another day. Nabokov alludes to that story in the map-reading scene (it seems highly improbable that he knew of Hemingway back then, but Nabokovian time —see *Ada*—is unlike yours and hours); and he uses similar, though more sophisticated, techniques in *Glory*.

The ending titillates pleasingly. But getting there is more than half the fun, for the old fan and novice Nabokovian alike. *Glory* offers vignettes of childhood; subtle and sharp perceptions (remember, this is a youthfully exuberant novel, though it comes to us as a mid-winter spring); lovely stylistic tricks and meaningfully enigmatic assertions, and much, much more. It's a glorious novel—better than *Pnin*—with which to make converts.

Nabokov's prose always lives a busy life of its own, ranging from the quiet exuberance of *Glory* to the Joycean intricacies of *Pale Fire* and *Ada*, ever consciously playing tunes and jokes, making allusions and creating illusions, keeping the reader happy. Now NYU professor William Woodin Rowe has attempted to catch that quicksilver with categorical tongs and to cram whole mother-of-pearl pigeons into pigeonholes. As his title suggests, *Nabokov's Deceptive World* premises a rather unpleasant relationship between author and reader—unpleasant and irrelevant: Nabokov writes for himself and his wife, both of whom he loves. But Professor Rowe is out after tricks, not cheerful complexities, and of course he finds them. Many are obvious and the common property of all prosers (note the triplicated "p", please; Rowe would); others are far-fetched indeed, especially where sex is concerned, and sex is the concern of more than half the book, as it ought to be. Alas, Rowe's analysis and his prose drain the life from it. Read *Glory*.

J. D. O'Hara teaches at the University of Connecticut.

HAWKS & HARRIERS

by Page Stegner

Dial, 247 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by William C. Hamlin

■ A superficial sounding could lead one to think that Page Stegner's new novel, *Hawks & Harriers*, is merely a replay of the old identity theme (Who am I? What am I doing here? Where am I going?) but this would be anything but a fair appraisal of Mr. Stegner's intention or his considerable talent.

The novel opens with thirty-year-old Jack Crowe on the road. He is sick to death of his meaningless California existence, sick of the drug culture and the constant change he sees around him. Feeling like ". . . the little man in the ball of glass that some monstrous child is shaking in his sticky fist," he sees himself in a crazy world where it "snows up and it snows down."

Crowe wants stability. He longs for a life-style dedicated to the retention of tradition. So he hitches his way back to New England, where he had gone to prep school as a boy and which he remembers as a place where men "looked at the record . . . knew who they were" and what their lives were all about. Of course when he reaches the East, Crowe is more alienated than before. He thinks of himself as a "perpetual exile," one who will never find any peace east or west, one who might just as well make all his excursions within his own "cerebral globe."

While in this frame of mind, more or less tuned out on society, Crowe encounters Sandy Rinelander, rich, young, beautiful, the apparent apotheosis of his ideal of heritage and security. But Sandy has her own problems. Despising the Establishment, her home and family, she is looking for exactly what Crowe has forsworn: change, freedom, even poverty.

Star-crossed as they are, their desperate affair begins. Between tender interludes of love and trust they are assailed by longer periods of self-assertion, doubt, confusion, and despair. There are even times when Sandy can say to Crowe, "Maybe we're all hollow. Maybe everybody is walking around just kidding themselves that they're so complex, so full of mysterious and unplumbed depths, untapped resources, unraveled puzzles. Maybe we are all just as vapid and empty as we appear." Eventually Sandy and Crowe, now going their separate ways, come together again briefly in California and then drift apart, both lost, needing what they cannot find.

Mr. Stegner works hard to sustain the gravity and essential horror of their very real problem, and he does it with integrity and grace.

William C. Hamlin is a professor of English at the University of Missouri in St. Louis.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

VERSE AND ADVERSE

Angie Bicos of Los Angeles calls on you to identify these characters by their actions or fates, and to name the poets in whose verses they appear. Solution on page 49.

1. *Claus of Innsbruck* ( )	A. kissed a poet
2. *Richard Cory* ( )	B. planted her lover's head in a pot
3. *Grendel* ( )	C. killed by his brother for adultery
4. *Isabella* ( )	D. wears his trouser bottoms rolled
5. *Jenny* ( )	E. put a bullet through his head one night
6. *Annabel Lee* ( )	F. slain in a pond battle
7. *Lochinvar* ( )	G. drowned, and lies fifty fathoms deep
8. *Paolo Malatesta* ( )	H. incessantly stood on his head
9. *J. Alfred Prufrock* ( )	I. rode out of the west, unarmed and alone
10. *Sohrab* ( )	J. sculpted Neptune taming a sea-horse
11. *Sir Patrick Spens* ( )	K. unrecognized, is slain by his father
12. *Father William* ( )	L. chilled and killed by a wind

a. anon., Old English. b. anon., Scottish. c. Arnold. d. Browning.
e. Carroll. f. Dante. g. T. S. Eliot. h. Leigh Hunt.
i. Keats. j. Poe. k. E. A. Robinson. l. Scott.

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ASPECTS OF ALICE:
Lewis Carroll's Dreamchild as Seen Through the Critics' Looking-Glasses, 1865-1971

edited by Robert Phillips

Vanguard, 450 pp., $15

Reviewed by William Heyen

■ Robert Phillips has edited and introduced a remarkable book, and Vanguard Press has made a handsome production of it. *Aspects of Alice*, which comes to us one hundred years after *Through the Looking Glass*, the sequel to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865), is more than a collection of thirty-nine poems and essays on those two classics and on the odd, elusive Oxford don who wrote them: it is a book that bears witness as few others do to the human need to name and explain. There is a fury behind this book, a rage for *Ordnung, Ordnung*. Ever since that "golden afternoon" when Lewis Carroll/Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was inspired by one of his young muses to send his heroine down a rabbit hole to a never-never land of blasted time and space and logic and language, we have had definitions and explications galore. It has made no difference that the two books deal overtly with a girl who swims in a pool of her own tears, with a lizard-juryman named Bill, with a Knave of Hearts who stole some tarts made by his Queen, with a Snap-dragon-fly whose head is a raisin burning in brandy, with a pretentious egg. What is the real method to the madness of these books? What was it about Dodgson that made his nonsense speak so much better than he knew? These have been the questions, and nothing on earth could have stopped critics and analysts from answering them.

In his delightful "A Note on Humpty Dumpty" (included in this collection), J. B. Priestley, alarmed by the prospect of an upcoming translation of the *Alice* books into German in the 1920s, predicted: "A cloud of commentators will gather, and a thousand solemn Teutons will sit down to write huge volumes of comment and criticism." If this has not quite happened, there are some selections in *Aspects* that would tire the patience of the White Knight. I consider myself wide open to all sorts of critical tomfoolery. But when William Empson tells me that this same White Knight stands for, and is a conscious parody of, both the typical Victorian scientist and poet, when Elizabeth Sewell compares Eliot's *The Waste Land* with the Carroll books, when Harry Levin says that the parting of Alice and the White Knight "is as poignant as Dante's from Vergil at the upper boundaries of Purgatory," when Patricia Meyer Spacks gives examples from *Through the Looking-Glass* and beats me over the head with her discovery that "the unavoidable suggestion is that our everyday use of language is largely arbitrary and unaccountable," then I can only conclude that some of Priestley's formidable Teutons have already written in English.

But these are isolated instances of critics taking themselves and their texts too seriously. The *Alice* books *are* deep, but they are not bibles, nor case histories to be analyzed as though Dodgson himself were on the couch in front of us, nor elaborately veiled political documents. Certainly, many of the essays here are eye-openers, reminders that Lewis Carroll demands the reader's full attention. It is true, as Levin argues, that "the *Alice* books must embody certain archetypes, they must touch off some of the deeper responses of human consciousness, in order to have penetrated so far beyond their immediate period and culture." But it is also true that Carroll's words will never be pinned down to *the* word, that Alice's motions are at once wonderfully evocative and simple and obscure, that the cosmos her creator set in motion is not going to cease to amaze as the result of any critic's essay. Critics occasionally forget that Carroll's two books will always remain Rorschach tests for each reader.

Phillips has arranged the contents of *Aspects* into nine sections. Contributions range from W. H. Auden's warm biographical view of Carroll to Grace Slick's psychedelic lyric that tells us to remember something the Dormouse said (but never said): "Feed your head, /feed your head." But the eleven Freudian, Jungian, and mythic interpretations are likely to be the most controversial and interesting. In "Psychoanalytic Remarks on *Alice in Wonderland*" (1938), Paul Schilder asked "whether such a literature might not increase destructive attitudes in children." He argued that in Carroll "There is very little love and tenderness and little regard for the existence of others." He is probably right. And those Freudians who trace Carroll's fancies to his "oral sadistic trends of cannibalistic character" may conceivably be on some right track of their own, too. But does all this matter? Hardly. As Martin Grotjahn points out in "About the Symbolization of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1947)," these adventures are "not only for children, but for the child in all men."

"We plan, of course, to build in the spring."

William Heyen is spending this year in Germany as a Fulbright lecturer.

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WHAT BECAME OF JANE AUSTEN? And Other Questions

by Kingsley Amis

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 223 pp., $6.50

CONVERSIONS: Literature and the Modernist Deviation

by George P. Elliott

Dutton, 238 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Lawrence Graver

■ Some novelists use the essay form to argue for the kinds of books they themselves write: Robbe-Grillet, for instance, or Iris Murdoch in "Against Dryness." Others, like Graham Greene, employ it to talk about aspects of their interests that do not emerge directly from their novels: literature, politics, or abstract ideas. Kingsley Amis [see page 35] and George P. Elliott resemble Greene in this.

Amis's *What Became of Jane Austen?* consists of thirty-one short pieces composed in a variety of styles. Some are clever exercises in outrageousness aimed at the pieties of the "Eng. Lit. Establishment": *Mansfield Park* is morally corrupt, says Amis; Keats, because of defects in character, never became more than a decorative poet; D. H. Lawrence, fatuous and egomaniacal, should be left "on his pinnacle, inspiring, unapproachable, unread," and so on. Another set of essays—opposite in design—sympathetically pleads the case for writers excluded from the high-cult canon: Jules Verne, Thomas Love Peacock, Hans Christian Andersen. The last part of the volume is autobiographical. "Pique-pieces" on English education and the vanities of the Left are mixed with entertaining accounts of meeting Yevtushenko and Jack Kerouac. In the closing pages we see Amis attending school; judging a beauty contest; reporting the annual Welsh music and literary festival, the *Eisteddfod*; reminiscing about his father, and—surprisingly—reflecting on the nature of Christ.

As those who have read Amis's novels might expect, the literary pieces are masterly examples of cant detection, acute appraisals by an honest nonconformist. Yes, Lawrence does puff and blow; Dickens won't leave well enough alone; there *is* moral ambiguity in *Mansfield Park*. But Amis prefers hit-and-run comic exposure to critical argument. Although he admits how nice it is "to follow up the denunciatory with the mildly analytic," he forgoes the pleasure, leaving us with the sour taste of his crankiness. When the analytic attention denied Austen and Dickens is lavished on horror films and James Bond, one has second thoughts about the virtues of nonconformity.

In the autobiographical essays, however, the praise and blame blend into more persuasive judgments. Mingling self-doubt with censoriousness and geniality with an ill-tempered desire to score, Amis comes to a fuller understanding of people and events than he attains when dealing with books. An exemplary instance is "No More Parrades," his account of living in and leaving Cambridge. Coming to the university after a dozen years at Swansea, Amis naïvely expected the dons to be serious about literature; instead, he found a world organized around social activities. His vignettes are funny and astute. Enforced dinner parties become "the most powerful instrument of social unhappiness," and eating good food in strange company is "like listening to Mozart . . . while suffering from a toothache." Cambridge, "despite the ceaseless ceremonial parade of hospitality," is inhospitable.

As he describes a life that stifles ordinary intercourse, Amis confesses his own failures and mixed motives. Complaining that he did not get the intellectual talk he came for, he adds: "I'm sure I didn't give it either." And at the close of a catalogue of discontents, he wonders if his peevishness may have roots in a sense of "injured merit"—the result of his getting "less than what I felt was my due as a man of letters." Perhaps, he says—but perhaps not. A colleague labels him a pornographer; gossips insist falsely on his homosexuality; and an uppity student journalist doesn't even find his fiction funny. Happily, this final affront is easy to shrug off, for Cambridge "is the least damaging place in England in which not to be found funny."

After praising his students and pleading for more "casual neighborliness," Amis candidly explains why he left teaching: it demanded too much of his energy. To conclude, he salutes his former profession:

> The main point of teaching, in my view, is not simply that it affords an irreplaceable contact with youthful intelligences, though there is that. What distinguishes it is, in a sense, its social aspect. Serious, detailed, and exhaustive discussion of literature is impracticable in any other context. The swapping of arguments over a glass of beer can be . . . a most valuable supplement to formal teaching, but it is no substitute for it. And to reach for the text during a chat among friends ("it just so happens that I have my *Paradise Lost* with me. Now if you'll glance at the passage I've marked near the beginning of the Sixth Book . . .") is something we are right not to do or to tolerate in others, unless in effect we are agreeing to teach or be taught. But reaching for the text, and at an early stage, is what we must do if discussion is not to peter out or shift its ground. The solitary student is thus under a handicap, and here is one half of the reason why teaching and research must go together. It is not just that the teacher can try out his ideas on the pupil, as on the dog. Teaching his ideas teaches him what these ideas are.

In a 1970 postscript to these remarks made in 1964, Amis admits that his Sixties' essay has since taken on "a rather attractive period flavor." He concludes his postscript by conveying an unpleasant truth in his more familiar acerb fashion:

> Reckless expansion of the student intake has brought to the university a large and increasing proportion of young people—some of them teachers—who, by intellect and/or temperament, are unfitted for the academic life and are painfully bewildered by what it requires of them. It is natural that they should start questioning a system that makes them feel like that.

George P. Elliott shares many of Amis's values and aversions. Words like "tradition," "civility," and "proportion" are for him honorific; and when cornered he will agree to be described by "that pallid oxymoron *conservative liberal*." He believes in the dignity of human beings, but also in their essential, permanent imperfections. Nothing, he argues, is more perilous "than to model the city of Man on the city of God." Unable to think of natural impulses as necessarily good, he broods about permissiveness and "the slovenliness of moral discrimination" so common in modern life. Although he sympathizes with the passions of the young, he is fierce in his condemnation of those "self-proclaimed revolutionists who, in the name of exalted ideals . . . , provoke from authority a responsive violence, an illegal force, a tyranny, which must be one of the things they really want." Utopians, zealots, intransigents —Elliott suspects them all. In a prose packed with qualifications, he explores the irremediable ambiguity of moral issues. He is keenly aware of the fact that civility and reason can themselves be traps, although he would, I'm sure, agree with Amis that "one is better off with too much reason than with none at all."

The thirteen miscellaneous essays in *Conversions* rest firmly on these hard-won values. A eulogy for Noah Greenberg celebrates a friend's commitment to the austere formalities of art. A skillfully mounted attack on Marshall McLuhan (a model of how to trap a chameleon) concludes that "the arrogance is the message." Several lively pieces on the novel as a literary form urge us to value the inexhaustible moral variety

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of good fiction. Most of these essays are marked by Elliott's shrewd sense of history, his freedom from tendentiousness, and his bright, commonsensical wit. To strengthen a warning about the perils of unexamined rebelliousness, he slides easily into the story of a boy in an Ivy League Shop, who (after asking to see a Ché Guevara outfit) complained: "But don't you have it in wash-and-wear?" To point up the reflexive way we often worship science, he remembers that Richard Nixon—a professed Christian—called the week of the moon landing "the greatest in the history of the world since the Creation." As Elliott reminds us, ". . . his overlooking the Crucifixion only emphasizes the sincerity of his gratitude to science for its visible gifts."

To my mind, Elliott's talents as an essayist can be seen to best advantage in two pieces on current issues. In the first he opposes a system for censoring pornography, and in the second he examines the impulse toward nihilism so widespread in contemporary society.

Pornography is not exactly a subject to inspire judiciousness, but Elliott seems able to remain sensible about almost anything. Characteristically, he begins by sorting out his mixed feelings. As a liberal, he dislikes state interference in the private realm; as a conservative, he thinks pornography is a minor yet obvious social evil. With tact, logic, and learning he investigates all the complex legal, esthetic, psychological, and moral implications of what he believes to be a squalid human phenomenon. At every stage of his analysis Elliott is conscious of opposing points of view, and he keeps a subversive set of counterarguments running side by side with his own. Finally, he proposes an admittedly fallible board of censors that would try to uphold two broad policies: for children, it would forbid making pornography accessible; but for adults, it would "rest content with a decent hypocrisy: 'Keep pornography out of the marketplace, sell it under the counter, and the law won't bother you.'"

Whatever the reader thinks of Elliott's conclusion (commonplace, wrongheaded, unworkable—or all three), he would be hard pressed to provide an opposing argument of equal balance and fullness. To prove how few people could in fact rise to the occasion, Elliott describes the ninety letters of fury and misunderstanding that he received after his essay's original appearance in *Harper's*.

The piece on nihilism is cast in a form that Elliott has in recent years made very much his own: a collage of autobiography, literary analysis, and philosophical reflection. Beginning with a definition of nihilism as a philosophy of rage, he admits that in our dreadful present he is sometimes attracted by its theatrical promise of finality. Then, as he explores the manifestation of the doctrine in contemporary literature, he keeps looking back to his earlier life for the origins both of his sympathies and his resistance to the impulse. After examining the influence of his father and the relevance of books by de Sade, Burroughs, Beckett, and Genet, Elliott brings the three strands together in his eloquent closing paragraphs. Sade's explosive argument about the primacy of orgasm and the will to power is defused by memories of a brother holding his breath, his father singing Herod in a nativity play, and Vergil leading Dante from a dark cave. Powerful visions of desolation perceived and transcended provide Elliott with some defenses against the pull of a seductive negative force.

Sometimes his desire to resist the most tempting, subversive aspects of modernist literature leads him to distort the achievements of writers such as Flaubert, Joyce, and Eliot. Although he admits that modernism produced marvels, Elliott is glad to see it go, and occasionally censures the writers for the destructive implications other people have drawn from their works. But to blame the great modernists for the rot of contemporary culture is like blaming the weatherman for rain.

This, however, is a small complaint against a stimulating book. Unlike Kingsley Amis, who convinces me in autobiography but rarely in criticism, Elliott at his best is persuasive in both literary forms.

Lawrence Graver is on the faculty of Williams College.

SPEAKING AND LANGUAGE: Defence of Poetry

by Paul Goodman

Random House, 242 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert L. Chapman

■ The time to judge a sage's merits is when he starts being sage about what one knows best. Paul Goodman—whose *Speaking and Language* brings him into my field, linguistics—passes the sage-test, and with high marks. I can recommend his book to persons interested in literature generally and to linguisticians as well in full confidence that, as a polemic, it will be well worth their while to read. Mr. Goodman may mislead the novice in the realm of linguistics; more important, however, by whetting their interest in the mysteries of language, he may stimulate them to find out more regarding this very intimate part of themselves.

Mr. Goodman's thesis is that the whole modern phase of linguistics—from Ferdinand de Saussure's seminal work of the early 1900s through the development of transformational-generative grammar and of communications theory—has overstressed the abstract and systematic nature of language to the detriment of the antic and lively act of speaking. As a result, he believes, linguistics has been in complicity with the positivistic and technological antihumanism that is leaching out the "animal, spontaneous, artistic, and populist" substances of

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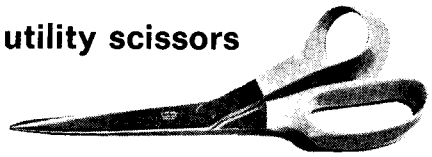
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our nature. This tendency goes against his scrupulously announced biases; more explicitly, it makes Goodman "politically uneasy," because it suits "State and corporate policy too well." That is the thoughtful part of his appraisal. Elsewhere he makes the perhaps less well-considered charge that practitioners of linguistic science simply "do not love my language and have done nothing for it."

Since Mr. Goodman's "way of being in the world" is to be a prodigious writer of books, nearly half his case deals not directly with linguistics but with poetry, the literary process, literary style, and a defense of poetry (he uses the British spelling, "defence," in order to recall Sidney's and Shelley's essays). The content of the book's various chapters is richly idiosyncratic—and impossible to sum up briefly. Moreover, some of Mr. Goodman's transitions are a bit baffling. Yet *Speaking and Language* ends up by being a unified work. The key to its unity is Goodman's conviction that linguistic science has contributed to the present-day mistrust of language as a *means* of communication (which he defines in his own terms) and to the prevelant attitude that "the literary use of language is simply outmoded in modern times." Being a man of letters himself, these developments touch him to the quick, and his book is an eloquent cry-moan-song-argument of protest.

In recommending *Speaking and Language* to those who have never read linguistics I must warn them that much of what Mr. Goodman has to say about this science strikes me as being inaccurate. For example, he writes:

> But the positivists and structuralists go the whole hog: Meaning does not influence form; form has no meaning. Language is a meaningless instrument for conveying meaning.

Compare this, however, with a passage for a good recent mainline linguistics text: "A language is a device that establishes sound-meaning correlations, pairing meanings with signals to enable people to exchange ideas via observable sequences of sounds." Mr. Goodman's charge does not hold up.

To give another example, animadverting on the fact that "structuralists proceed by levels," Goodman sardonically observes:

> . . . it is far-fetched to take [the phoneme, morpheme, word, etc.] as the nature of things, as if, in learning to speak, children first made sounds, then letters, then monosyllables, then polysyllables, then words, then sentences, and then applied them.

Far-fetched indeed, but the point is that nobody does this. We use the levels model in linguistics not as a representation of the nature of things but as a tentative way of trying to understand how language works.

Unreliable as *Speaking and Language* is as a guide to linguistic theory, I can not reject it or snarl at it—for two reasons. First of all, this foray into my field by an intellectually respectable and culturally sensitive gadfly can only be beneficial. Insiders generally can't see the forest for the trees, and linguisticians are simply not accustomed to gauging whether their science has turned antihumanistic. They need to be challenged, even if on some wrong grounds, by a critic of Goodman's stature. I only hope that Mr. Goodman, in turn, will listen seriously to their own "defence." He might then discover that more and more of them are becoming increasingly discontent with the overneat schematics of structuralism. Above all, I hope it will explain to him *why* linguistics took the course that it did, and how in these very days there are signs that it is venturing with some trepidation into realms it methodologically denied itself earlier.

Secondly, the book presents the reader with an exhilarating array of ideas and challenges. Do we indeed "live in a kind of doubled world, a world of experiences with words attached and a world *made of* experienced words"? If so, does it follow that "the process of literature is inherent in . . . the verbal doubling of the world that we are thrown to as speaking animals"? Could he be right when he asserts that the proper study of language is of the tensions that exist between "a speaker's power to speak and the code of the speech-community" and between "a speaker's need to say his say and the need to be clear to the hearer"? Yet if this pure-relational concept is Mr. Goodman's idea of right linguistics, how can he accuse ordinary linguistics of being so abstract that it has lost touch with reality? Again, if language is not principally a means, something that mediates, then why does he so frequently refer to "the use of language" and speak of language as a tool for "coping with" experience? And so on. Not a page is turned but one is engaged in some debate with Paul Goodman. If engendering thought is any indication that a book is good, this one certainly is.

Writing about colloquial speech, Goodman lists its charateristic qualities:

> indestructible good sense, eyewitnessing, communal vitality, and crotchetiness (including much private error and deep-rooted tribal prejudice).

The description is equally pertinent to *Speaking and Language*.

Robert L. Chapman teaches literature and linguistics at Drew University.

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Honors Upgraded and Over the Horizon

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

Can it really be true that all things come to him (or her, as the case may be) who waits? In my article "The Newbery-Caldecott Awards" (*SR*, June 15, 1968) I suggested that announcement of the awards coincide with the American Library Association's annual list of Notable Books so that more books could benefit from the publicity. Verily, it has come to pass.

The article also noted that the term "runner-up" did not delight all of the authors and artists so dubbed. While not laying claim to prescience or influence (I'd better not, since I had nothing to do with it) I'm happy to report that "runner-up," too, has been changed, to the term suggested in the article—Honor Book. I have used this designation in a new book about children's literature. Would I have said, "John Smith's *A Visit to a Glue Factory* was a Newbery runner-up"—an also-ran?

Another question raised was: "Is too little attention given to books for younger children?" Well, there are pioneers on every frontier, and a group of militants has gone to bat for younger children. A petition that begins, "We, the undersigned Ohio librarians, feeling that a disproportionate number of Newbery Award books are intended for older readers . . ." asks that this year only books for children of elementary-school age be considered. The petitioners also recommend that an award be established for young adult books.

If we are really going to go marching as to war, what about nonfiction titles? A few biographies have been honored, but surely recognition should be given to some of the splendid informational books now being published. And what about poetry? Could someone please establish an award for children's verse? A wager: within five years, a poetry prize.

Periodically overwhelmed by the accumulation of fascinating bits of book news, I pass on a few. First, for Pooh-lovers, Dutton has issued a handsome edition of A. A. Milne's *Winnie-the-Pooh* ($25), which has the text of the printed version on the verso pages and a reproduction of the original manuscript on the recto pages. There are surprisingly few emendations; apparently the story just came bubbling out.

Another hot news item: simultaneous publication of original titles in soft- and hardcover editions. According to their latest catalogue, Lippincott has launched this program "to meet the growing demand from bookstores, school and public libraries for more good paperbacks for children." Although an old title reprinted in a paperback can also be a good book, this may be the beginning of a trend, which, one suspects, children will appreciate.

Also on agenda are large-type editions for children with poor eyesight. Harper & Row has published some, and so has Franklin Watts; the latter's excellent atlas has already proved popular with very young children, who find most maps difficult to read even if their vision is perfect.

Teen-aged visitors have been caught drooling covetously over my Time-Life Library of Photography, which is not only authoritative and useful, but illustrated with beautiful photos. The set is recommended to adults who wish to foster creativity. While we're on the subject of hobbies, anyone who dotes on children's books of the past, or on books about them, should get a Singing Tree Press catalogue. Bankruptcy guaranteed.

Numbers. *Written and illustrated by John Reiss. Bradbury. 32 pp. $4.95.* You would have to go a long way to find a more entrancing first counting book for the young child. The clear, simple pictures, in an imaginative layout on oversize pages with solid-color background, depict large numerals and familiar objects for illustration. Above all, the use of color is stunning. After progressing to twenty, the book moves by tens to 100, then ends at 1,000 with a shower of raindrops. Ages 2-5.

Moja Means One: Swahili Counting Book. *By Muriel Feelings. Illustrated by Tom Feelings. Dial. 32 pp. $4.50.* A small child will need an adult's help with this counting book, as the word or words that identify the numbered objects are used in a sentence. For example, "8, nane" is followed by "Busy market stalls [eight are shown] are stocked with . . ." and the words "market stalls" stand out in red. The book is addressed "To all Black children living in the Western Hemisphere, hoping you will one day speak the language—in Africa." Besides counting up to ten in Swahili, the book portrays, in softly drawn black and white illustrations, many details of African life. Ages 4-7.

A Penny a Look: An Old Story. *By Harve Zemach. Illustrated by Margot Zemach. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 45 pp. $4.95.* Illustrated with flair, this gay picture story is told with deft understatement. A red-haired rapscallion induces his milder brother to join him in a money-making scheme. He has heard of a land of one-eyed people, and his plan is to capture a specimen for exhibit. As they climb fences, ford a stream, and soar in a balloon, the lackadaisical, gentle brother worries about the treatment their quarry will get. The red-haired rascal, however, thinks only of his profit. When they reach their destination, a band of ferocious one-eyed men appears, and the capture takes place, all right—but it is the redhead who is caged. *Two* eyes! A penny a look, and the cash is calmly collected by the nicer brother. Ages 5-8.

From "A Penny a Look"

A Walk in the Snow. *By Phyllis B. Busch. Photographs by Mary M. Thacher. Lippincott. 40 pp. $3.95.* Clear, sharp photographs are used both to show the beauty of winter and the ways in which an observant child can find clues to wind directions, read animal tracks, make a plastic copy of a snowflake, test the effect of color on temperature (a piece of dark cloth and a piece of white sink to different depths), or see the evidence of repeated snowfalls in the layers of a snowbank. The text gives easily followed instructions that require little equipment for the investigation of natural phenomena. Ages 7-9.

You're a Good Dog, Joe: Knowing and Training Your Puppy. *By Kurt Unkelbach. Illustrated by Paul Frame. Prentice-Hall. 32 pp. $3.95.* This simple and sensible book

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for the child who has a new puppy tells how to feed, house-break, and train the dog to obey. Firm advice on protective care and an animal's rights fills out the guide. The writing is direct, the tone encouraging, and the pictures clarify the instructions in the text. Ages 7-9.

The Emperor's New Clothes. *By Hans Christian Andersen. Illustrated by Jack and Irene Delano. Random House. 56 pp. $4.95.* You wouldn't think there'd be need for yet another version of the familiar story, but one look at the bright colors and ebullient humor of the illustrations here may change your mind. Intricate details of costume and background are balanced by plenty of white space, and the pages that show the chubby, gullible monarch strutting along as naked as he is pompous are hilarious. Ages 8-10.

The Mulberry Music. *By Doris Orgel. Illustrated by Dale Payson. Harper & Row. 130 pp. $3.95.* At first Libby was merely annoyed because Grandma didn't come over to take her swimming—she didn't feel well, she said. But when Libby was not allowed to visit her, she knew that something was seriously wrong. And Grandma, who always did what she wanted, was meekly going to the hospital? Frantic, Libby tried to see her but was turned away. When at last a friendly doctor took her in for a moment, Libby didn't recognize in the gray, shrunken figure her lively and beloved Grandma Liza. Sad but sweet in revealing the deep affection of a child for her grandmother, the story tells with gentle sensitivity and humorous anecdotes of a woman who lived joyfully and with love. Ages 9-11.

Stories from the Bible. *Retold by Alvin Tresselt. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 64 pp. $5.95.* No more could be asked of an Old Testament adaptation than that it retain the poetic quality and drama of the stories, and be appropriately written for its audience. When this is combined with illustrations that not only share the spirit of reverence but have their own powerful beauty as well, the result is impressive. Oversize pages lend dignity to Lynd Ward's lithographs and provide a handsome setting for Alvin Tresselt's sensitive rendering of some favorite stories. Ages 9-12.

A Fern Is Born. *By J. M. Guilcher and R. H. Noailles. Illustrated with photographs. Sterling. 96 pp. $3.50.* The marvelously intricate reproductive system of ferns was a mystery to botanists until the middle of the last century. With neither fruit nor seed, the fern reproduces in alternating generations, its spores rooting to become prothallia, which serve as a nursery for a new fern plantule. Close-up and magnified photographs show both the delicate details of the plant and the differentiation of species. The text—admirably clear in explaining the complicated succession of sexual and asexual generations—is imbued with appreciation of the complexity and beauty of the fern. Ages 10-12.

Life on a Lost Continent: A Natural History of New Zealand. *By Beth Day. Illustrated with photographs. Doubleday. 128 pp. $3.95.* When the first Maoris came to New Zealand, they found a lush green land filled with birds, some of giant size, such as the fourteen-foot moa. The moa seems to have become extinct, but New Zealand is still a country of spectacular birds: the flightless red-billed takahe, the kiwi, the playful kea, and the gannets that migrate to Australia once in their lifetimes. Although the writing has a Chamber of Commerce tinge, this is a small flaw when balanced against the allure of, to us, exotic birds, beasts, and plants. Ages 10-13.

From "The Mulberry Music"

Yankee Communes: Another American Way. *By Flo Morse. Illustrated with photographs. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 179 pp. $4.95.* Like their modern-day brothers, the residents of communes past sought a way of life compatible with their beliefs. They were, however, more dedicated than the communards of the Seventies to establishing a new social order. In a well-researched examination of the Shakers, the Rappites, the Oneida Community, and the prosperous contemporary Society of Brothers, Flo Morse describes their goals, philosophy, and practices, as well as the discrimination they suffered. Ages 11-15.

The Biological Revolution: A Background Book on Making a New World. *By Corinne Jacker. Parents' Magazine Press. 266 pp. $4.95.* An editor and teacher in scientific fields has written an engrossing account of developments on the biological frontier. Among the subjects discussed are the synthesizing of DNA and the possibilities this creates for geneticists; the advances in fetology; organ transplants and the ethical and legal problems involved therein; the research being done on memory and learning; and chemical and biological warfare. This specialist's book for the layman is as exciting as a detective story. Ages 12 up.

In the Country of Ourselves. *By Nat Hentoff. Simon & Schuster. 128 pp. $4.95.* "The Frederick Douglass Brotherhood has already had three speakers this year—all of whom had as little to do with brotherhood as Genghis Khan," said Rothblatt, the high school principal. "But a convicted felon, no." Rothblatt's refusal is tinder for the school revolutionaries who seek disruption—and it comes, violently, with a police round-up. This is more a mirror of dissatisfaction and rebellion at the high school level than a story, with black-white tensions and an intra-group struggle for power. The principal, determined to keep order in his school, is pitted against dissident students and a radical teacher who encourages dissidence for his own purposes. Although bent under the weight of its complications, the story makes a powerful impact because of the scorching realism of the situation explored. Ages 12-15.

The Drifting Continents. *By Alan A. Anderson, Jr. Putnam. 192 pp. $4.29.* The theory of continental drift was first expounded early in the century by Alfred Wegener, a scientist who, though respected, was considered overly imaginative by his contemporaries. Expanded research, made possible by new techniques and tools, substantiated the theory. Examination of the oceanic ridge system and of matching strata in separated continents proved that the continents can move and drift, but explanations for the mechanism (convection, upwelling, or gravity) still conflict. Not only a well-written book about an important advance in geology, this is also an interesting study of scientific method. Ages 13 up.

The Burning Thorn: An Anthology of Poetry. *Compiled by Griselda Greaves. Macmillan. 202 pp. $5.95.* A British teacher includes here some of her pupils' poems along with those of writers ranging from Donne and Dryden to Corso and Hughes. Compiled with discernment, the selections are bound by their intense and personal quality. Few are anthology clichés. Ages 13 up.

This Mrs. Kingi. *By Frances Cleary. Collins/Tri-Ocean. 147 pp. $5.40.* Mrs. Kingi describes herself as "a wrinkled-up old Maori woman of no importance" but, clearly, she is staunch, tough, wise, and beloved—close, in fact, to being too good to be true. She worries about her lazy daughter, settles neighbors' disputes, remembers her white grandfather with pity and her dead husband with sorrow, has pride in her people, understands both those who have clung to Maori customs and those who have adopted the ways of the white men. No plot here, but some lively anecdotes and, above all, a colorful picture of the Maori community. For young adults.

Six Black Horses. *By Nolan Davis. Putnam. 320 pp. $6.95.* Not since *The Loved One* has there been such a funny, funny book about the business of death. Apprenticed to a mortician, young Lawrence Xavier Jordan discovers that he has a natural talent for the profession, and he learns so much from his employer, Southwall Lovingood, that he gives up his dream of becoming an artist and goes to the Gresham College of Mortuary Science. Afterwards he rises to the top of a cutthroat field with the establishment of the House of Jordan, the most distinguished mortuary palace in Kansas City's black society. The writing has wit, humor, and vitality. For young adults.

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THE OCCULT:
A History

by Colin Wilson

Random House, 601 pp., $10

Reviewed by Robert Lima

■ Colin Wilson belongs to the growing "school" of anti-reductionists—researchers in many disciplines who do not accept the empirical approach to the study of the microcosm and macrocosm as independent facets of existence. Convinced that man's "higher" nature is at least as important as his "lower," they believe that it must be examined with a care equal to that which has been accorded his physical makeup. Wilson's own distinctive thesis is that man is capable of achieving oneness or union with the universe through a faculty latent within him. He posits that the meaning of the universe, although occult, can be fathomed by man through "Faculty X"—if, that is, this "sixth sense" (which he later describes as "not a 'sixth sense,' but an ordinary potentiality of consciousness") is developed to its fullest degree.

In the past, he holds, this sense was far more fully developed than now, since Faculty X is akin to an instinct, and primitive man was forced to rely heavily upon his instincts. With the growth of social institutions, this faculty became dormant, except in the few who learned to recognize its existence within them and to employ it. Wilson sees the time fast approaching when this faculty will become potent again, overcoming the "narrowness of consciousness" that has reduced civilized man to a "thinking pygmy." To the extent that the author adheres to the presentation of this thesis he is successful.

The Occult: A History, however, has its problematical side. For one thing, while the book's title leads one to expect a systematic history of occultism from prehistoric to contemporary times, no such history materializes. In the first of the work's three sections, "A Survey of the Subject," Wilson enunciates his "preoccupations and convictions" in chapters on magic as the science of the future (with "Faculty X" as the fulcrum), on the extent and variety of occult powers in man, and on the connection between creative intuition and psychic propensity. These chapters detail and interrelate ideas that have affected the author's attitude toward occultism and led to the formulation of his theory of Faculty X, as well as to his belief that it is the "key not only to the so-called occult experience, but to the whole future evolution of the human race." As these chapters indicate, the history of the occult Wilson is interested in is only that portion that relates to Faculty X.

Serving as a preamble, this first and shortest section of the book brings together a host of provocative and controversial ideas: David Foster's cybernetic interpretation of an "Intelligent Universe," Jim Corbett's concept of survival through "jungle sensitiveness," the theory of the "dominant 5%" in most areas of human activity, the conflict between "lunar" and "solar" knowledge as explained by Robert Graves in *The White Goddess*, the "group mind" hypothesis, and divination by the *I Ching* and the Tarot pack. Pertinent anecdotes from the lives and works of Yeats, Ouspensky, Strindberg, and numerous other occultists flesh out these and other topics discussed in these chapters.

In the second, and longest, section of *The Occult: A History*, Wilson turns to the past to demonstrate how certain individuals and groups learned to use the latent power he calls Faculty X. He delineates in this section's opening chapter, "The Evolution of Man," the vicious aspect of natural evolution, showing, in a manner reminiscent of *The Hellstrom Chronicle*, how man rose from his animal phase through the agency of "a strong sense of purpose" or consciousness, losing many of his instinctive, telepathic abilities in the process. In "The Magic of Primitive Man," which follows, Wilson sketches in the general patterns that characterized man's attempts to cope with the forces that his new consciousness permitted him to recognize. Using Ivar Lissner's *Man, God and Magic* as a touchstone, the author first describes the rise of shamanism and its influence on the spread of sympathetic magic, then traces subsequent developments leading to the sophisticated, esoteric magic of subsequent societies.

Had Colin Wilson held to the tack of these initial chapters, his book might have at least come close to living up to its title. In this section's third chapter, however, he writes: "It would be a long and complicated task to trace the history of magic century by century and country by country." Consequently, the six chapters that complete this central portion of *The Occult* sidestep the challenge, flitting through complex subjects on which entire books have been written (the Zoroastrian religion of the Magi, the Essene sect of Judaism, the Orphic and Eleusinian mysteries of Greece, Gnosticism, the Kabbala, Freemasonry, etc.), while completely ignoring other areas. Furthermore, it is the anecdotal aspect of each figure that the author singles out as a grand "initiate," "adept," or "mage" (to use terms that Wilson employs interchangeably throughout the book) that receives most attention in these chapters. Among the prominent mages touched on are Pythagoras, Apollonius of Tyana, Simon Magus, Agrippa, Paracelsus, Nostradamus, Dr. John Dee, Swedenborg, Mesmer, Cagliostro, Casanova, the Count Saint-Germain, Eliphas Levi, Rasputin, Mad-

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ame Blavatsky. These are discussed with uneven attention—the most blatant instance being Aleister Crowley, the late, twentieth-century charlatan to whom Wilson devotes the entire seventh chapter.

In Colin Wilson's hands, the anecdote becomes a crucial tool for fashioning the rationale for "adeptship" in the cases presented. Unfortunately, as he busily builds his case, he frequently equates the charlatan with the individual naturally gifted with occult powers. Here are only a few glaring examples of this dubious process of conversion: "To include Casanova among the 'magicians' may cause surprise; but he was, in fact, a serious student of the Kabbalah [*sic*] and astrology. . . . Casanova possessed a natural 'occult faculty.'" "This remarkable man [Cagliostro] was, indeed, the last of the magicians. . . . In spite of the broad streak of charlatanism in him, he was undoubtedly a genuine magician." "Madame Blavatsky must have been a reincarnation of Cagliostro. She had the same charisma . . . and genuine psychic ability." "Rasputin, like Crowley, was a natural mage." These are not statements born out of naïveté but out of the writer's convictions. It is this credulity, stronger in the second section than elsewhere, that most weakens the book, subverting the objectivity that the avowed historian of the occult must have.

Recognition of this fault may have led to the addition to the book of the third part, which is somewhat more objective, if not very well informed. It takes up subjects that, as the author writes, "I only had time to touch upon in the second part: witchcraft, lycanthropy and vampirism, the history of spiritualism, the problem of ghosts and poltergeists. The last chapter of the book, 'Glimpses,' returns to the subjects of this preface: the metaphysical questions that arise out of occultism; the problem of time; and the nature of 'man's latent powers.'"

The intent is laudable but misplaced; such gaps should not exist in a well-planned study which purports to be a history of occultism. Yet, as the examination of its contents discloses, the book is not what it would seem; it is a treatise on "Faculty X." Enigma or contradiction? Only the author and his editor know for sure. The answer might be that there are two books here, both in gestation, yet put together with a nonfixative glue. In any event, Colin Wilson's partial history of the occult makes fascinating reading.

Robert Lima teaches a course on occultism at The Pennsylvania State University, where he is chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature.

Moral Imbecility

Continued from page 33

have thought worth pondering the strictly *literary* (and not solely psychic or sexual) implications of Coleridge's dread of the enemas which he had to undergo; and of his persistently speaking—as Mr. Fruman notes, but does not importantly notice—of plagiarists as dung-flies and of plagiarism as "the steam of an excrement," the "steam from a heap of man's dung"; and the literary implications, too, of Coleridge's fantasy about the inhabitants of the moon:

> exactly like the people of this world in every thing else except indeed that they eat with their Backsides, & stool at their mouth/in consequence they are all sansculottes, but then they are all cowled or veiled, a whole Planet of Nuns & Friars—their Breath not very sweet—but they do not kiss much & custom reconciles one to every thing.

Mr. Fruman follows up this fantasy with a passage concerning nearsightedness taken from Coleridge's journal, but, unfortunately, by this time Mr. Fruman has nearsightedly moved on to Coleridge's nonliterary psychology, and thus he overlooks, in the passage cited below, the implications of "reading" and "book" in their relationship to the oral excrement mentioned above:

> for the first time in my Life felt my eyes near-sighted, & tho' I had 2 Candles near me, reading in my bed, I was obliged to magnify the Letters by bringing the book close to my Eye—I then put out the Candles, & closed my eyes—& instantly there appeared a spectrum, of a Pheasant's Tail, that altered thro' various degradations into round wrinkly shapes, as of [Horse] Excrement, or baked Apples . . .

Is it far-fetched even to wish to relate that to literary creation, to literary decreation, and to plagiarism? But the man who wrote those lines was the man who said of a fellow plagiarist: "He was like a pigeon picking up peas, and afterwards voiding them with excrementitious additions." Mr. Fruman himself picks up more than peas. He makes you speculate about Coleridge, and he makes you skeptical about Coleridge. To most of Coleridge's breathless mock-modest boastings, we should now have the courage to reply: *Tell that to the (Ancient) Marine(r)s.*

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1Jd (*My Last Duchess*), 2Ek, 3Fa (*Beowulf*), 4Bi, 5Ah, 6Lj, 7Il, 8Cf (*Inferno*), 9Dg, 10Kc (*Sohrab and Rustum*), 11Gb, 12He (*Alice in Wonderland*).

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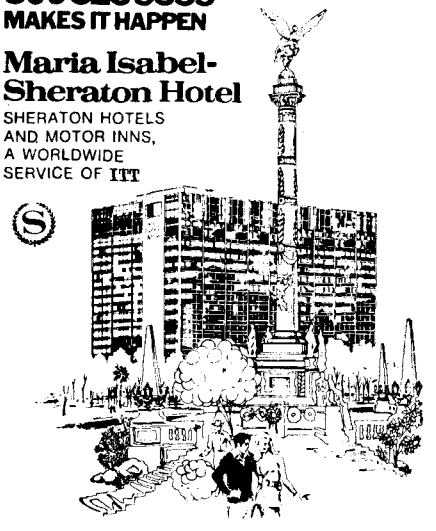

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Dancing for Love—and Some Money

The pretty, young dance student was deliriously happy. She had been invited by one of America's great dance leaders to join the company that he and his equally famous partner headed. The girl had two practical questions: "How much will I be paid for a performance?" and "How many performances a year?" The answers: "About ten dollars" and "About ten or twelve." "But I can't even eat on that, can I?" "No, but do you know how to run an elevator?" "No." "Well, you'd better learn." This was how Harriette Ann Gray, now director of dance at Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, and head of the famed Perry-Mansfield summertime theater-dance enterprises at Steamboat Springs, Colorado, got her start with two of the greatest dance pioneers in our history, Charles Weidman (still performing and teaching) and the late Doris Humphrey. Harriette, almost forty years ago, learned to run an elevator.

But even in today's unionized age, even with grants from foundations and government arts councils, dancers are dogged by lack of money. Slightly more than a year ago, Alvin Ailey, founder-director of his own American Dance Theater, announced publicly that he would have to disband his integrated group because of lack of funds. He had already broken away from the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater had been a constituent company along with Eliot Feld's American Dance Company (now disbanded because of lack of money) and Merce Cunningham's celebrated avant-garde troupe.

But disaster was averted at the crucial moment, and the Ailey dancers—black, white, and Oriental—set forth on a triumphant tour of North Africa and the Soviet Union, under U.S. government auspices. There then followed Leonard Bernstein's *Mass*, with Ailey choreography and Ailey dancers, for the opening of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., and then choreographic commitments for both the American Ballet Theatre and the City Center Joffrey Ballet. Most recently, Ailey's company played an enormously successful two-week season at the City Center 55th Street Theater.

Audiences got their money's worth, for the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater gave a brilliant repertory season. Of the new productions, the best was *Mary Lou's Mass*, choreographed by Ailey to a jazz mass by Mary Lou Williams (who also conducted). It is a beautiful work, filled with reverence and jubilation, confession and great humor. One of the most captivating sections is "Scripture Reading," in which Lazarus, a most put-upon beggar, gets his sweet revenge against the rich man when both reach heaven. Dudley Williams, one of Ailey's finest artists, plays Lazarus, and his celestial holier-than-thou poses are hilarious.

Dudley Williams, John Parks, and Kelvin Rotardier of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater in "Mary Lou's Mass"—"reverence and jubilation."

Another great Ailey performer is Judith Jamison, a classic Ethiopian-style beauty, whose long legs reach for the sky and whose long arms and exquisite fingers seem to caress the horizon. *Cry*, a solo that Ailey made for her to music of Alice Coltrane, Laura Nyro, and Voices of East Harlem, is already a classic that never fails to generate applause which is both tumultuous and loving. *Cry*, first done in May 1971, is still new at every performance.

Of the novelties, other than the superb *Mary Lou's Mass*, I must report that Ailey's *Myth* (to Stravinsky's *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*) seemed very tenuous, wispy even. The revival of May O'Donnell's *Suspension* (Ray Green wrote the music) from 1942 still pleases with its explorations of the gravity principle promised by the title, but in terms of modern dance style it has aged. Brian MacDonald's sex-directed *Time Out of Mind* (Paul Creston) was presented in a revival that was well danced (but performing doesn't make it an impressive work), and so was Ailey's lovely *Hermit Songs* (Barber), a solo that has had several interpreters, among them the versatile Mr. Williams.

But all of the dancers were in peak form for a repertory season that was a dance highlight of the New York year. (They will all be back at the City Center from April 18 to 30.)

There is no problem about money as far as *The Nutcracker* is concerned. The Tchaikovsky ballet classic draws capacity audiences at this season every year from coast to coast and is performed by companies large and small (more than a hundred of them), professional and amateur. The most celebrated *Nutcracker* in America is the New York City Ballet's spectacular production, staged by George Balanchine, which has passed the 500 mark in performances. The newest—and enchanting it is—is the semiamateur, semiprofessional one presented recently at the Paper Mill Playhouse by Carolyn Clark's lively New Jersey Ballet Company. And did you know that *Nutcracker* was done this year as an operetta by the children (kindergarten through sixth grade) of the Chester, Massachusetts, grammar school? Joseph E. Marks III, their physical education instructor and a former dancer, did the choreography for kids who had never had dancing and who also had to learn to act and sing. *Nutcracker*? In whatever guise, you can't lose!

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Education Editor: JAMES CASS
Assistant Education Editor: SHEILA CANNING

Minority Rights In a Democratic Society

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The United States has traveled a long and tortuous road since the Founding Fathers debated with such skill and passion the issues that are raised when men come together to form a government to rule themselves. In the course of the Constitutional Convention and the years that followed, the debate was colored by memories, still fresh in the minds of many men, of the tyranny of Parliament and Crown. The framers' objective, therefore, was to devise a government of men, limited in its authority to abridge the rights of those it governed. Their ingenuity in dividing power among three equal branches of government, providing checks on the authority of each branch, and crowning the structure with specific protections for individual liberties in a Bill of Rights has been appropriately acclaimed on many occasions. And despite reservations about the responsiveness of our social and political institutions in an era of rapid change, the product of their handiwork is still functioning.

We are reminded of the continuing relevance of these debates as we look back over the past contentious decade when minority groups increasingly were seeking to assert their rights to justice and equality in a sometimes unresponsive society. Their quest has taken two contrary and, at least in Constitutional terms, sometimes contradictory directions. In the first place, minorities have sought to induce government to extend its authority—and to take affirmative action to right ancient wrongs and to equalize individual opportunity. In the second place, they have called upon the courts to limit the power of government to act when doing so in discriminatory fashion.

But as we review the diverse events of the decade, the initial thrust of the black civil rights movement, and then increasingly the demands of the Puerto Ricans, Chicanos, American Indians, and others, the pattern of discrimination documented by the Women's Liberation Movement, and, not least, the demands by students for recognition of their Constitutional rights, one of the most appealing movements has been the quiet, stubborn resistance of the Amish to compulsory education laws. Stating firmly that their religious beliefs prevent them from sending their children to school beyond the eighth grade, the Plain People have paid a heavy price in fines, imprisonment, and harassment in many states for obeying their conscience rather than the law. Now their case is before the U.S. Supreme Court, and, as Stephen Arons and John William Calhoun point out elsewhere in these pages (see pages 52 and 58), the issues they raise are fundamental to our whole concept of the role of the state in education.

But however the Supreme Court decides the case of the Amish this spring, the matter should not rest there. As Henry Steele Commager pointed out nearly thirty years ago in his little volume *Majority Rule and Minority Rights*, "The tendency to decide issues of personal liberty in the judicial arena alone has the effect of lulling the people into apathy towards issues that are fundamentally their concern, with the comforting notion that the courts will take care of personal and minority rights. It effectively removes these issues from the arena of public discussion and thus deprives democracy of the inestimable benefit of experimentation."

There are many issues in our rapidly changing society that merit attention in "the arena of public discussion." Among them, compulsory education laws, as presently written, deserve careful re-examination to see whether they serve our youth and the nation as effectively as they should. J.C.

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COMPULSORY EDUCATION

The Plain People Resist

Jonas Yoder, one of the Amish defendants in the case now before the Court, refused to comply with the state of Wisconsin's compulsory attendance laws.

In September of 1968, Jonas Yoder and two other Amish residents of Wisconsin refused, because of their religious beliefs, to send their children to high school. In so doing, they exposed themselves to criminal prosecution and possible prison sentences for defying the state's compulsory attendance law. In December 1971, the United States Supreme Court heard oral arguments on whether or not Wisconsin may constitutionally limit the free exercise of religion by means of a compulsory school law aimed in effect at inculcating majority-approved "secular" values in the minds of dissenters. In their simple act of conscience, the Amish defendants raised another major issue in the conflict between state power and individual freedom. (Amish residents in a number of states have repeatedly been fined or jailed for refusing to obey compulsory attendance laws, but this is the first time the issue has reached the Supreme Court.)

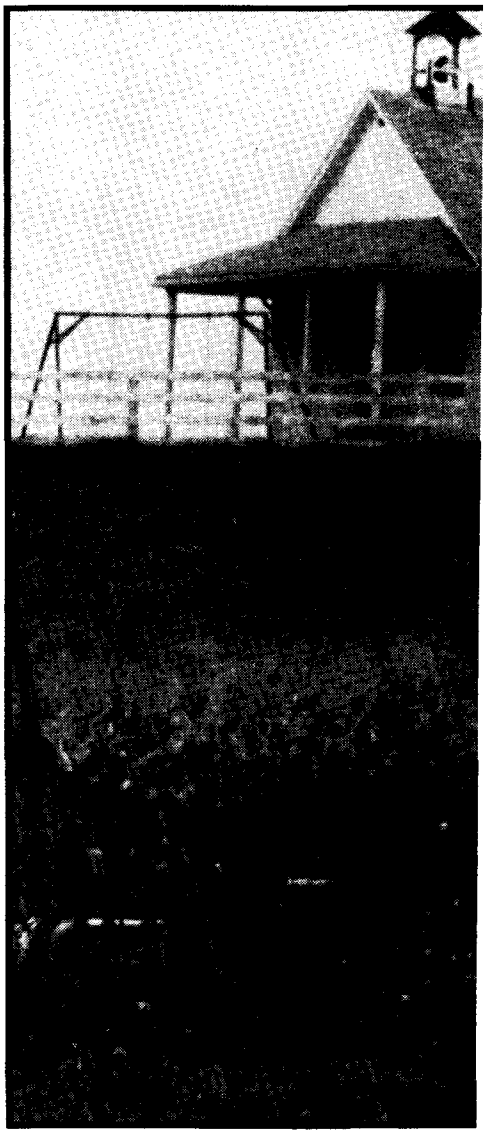
The legal question involved in this case, though it is among the most important religious freedom issues ever heard by the Court, is quite narrow. A lower state court tried and convicted the Amish parents. The Wisconsin Supreme Court reversed the convictions and exempted Amish children above the eighth grade from the compulsory school law because it violates their religious prohibition against formal education. But the law remains intact as applied to everyone else, and both parties in the case have been at pains to insist that no general challenge to compulsory education is presented by the exemption.

The narrowness of this legal decision should not, however, obscure its far-reaching implications for public policy. The case does, in fact, call into question the entire rationale for compulsory schooling. *Wisconsin vs. Yoder* confronts us with the fact that state establishment of values, like the establishment of religion, is a threat to the tenets set down by the Bill of Rights.

When the first Amish migrated to America from Switzerland in the late seventeenth century, they were in search of religious freedom. When, nearly 250 years later, they were brought to criminal trial in Wisconsin on a complaint filed by the New Glarus public school administrator, they were still searching for religious freedom. Their religious dogma teaches that all higher learning constitutes a deterrent to salvation and a violation of the requirement of an agricultural community "separate from the world."

Throughout this time, local Amish communities have preserved a religious way of life dedicated to nonconformity to all worldly things. Their emphasis on mixed farming as a way of life limits the need for outside contact and supports their desire to live "in closeness to nature, in the soil, and in the weather, among plants and animals." They reject both speculative philosophy and modern technology, sticking to first-century Christian austerity, using windmills and the horse and buggy rather than electricity and the automobile. The social unit is small, communal, and enforced by strict shunning of those who violate community values. Their life-style and daily lives are the expression of their religious worship. There are no formal churches—the whole religious community is a church.

In education, as in religion, the Amish make no distinction between preaching and practice. Their religious beliefs call for learning by doing within the community. Though they reject formal education beyond grade eight, they have had unusual success in training the young to be farmers and in maintaining their own communal society. One expert witness at the trial in Wisconsin testified that the Amish not only provide an education after grade eight but that it is more effective than that provided by most schools. Unemployment, poverty, juvenile delinquency, and crime are almost unknown.



As a rule, Amish religious beliefs reject education after grade eight. The schools most of their children attend until that time are usually of the one-room variety.

No one denies that the compulsory attendance law interferes with Amish religious practices and beliefs. In supporting this conclusion, both the trial court and the Wisconsin Supreme Court rejected the state's claim that actions and beliefs are separable for the Amish. There is no serious disagreement with the contention by the

Stephen Arons is a fellow at the Center for the Study of Public Policy in Cambridge, Massachusetts. A lawyer who also teaches in a community school, he often writes on the educational consequences of recent Court decisions.

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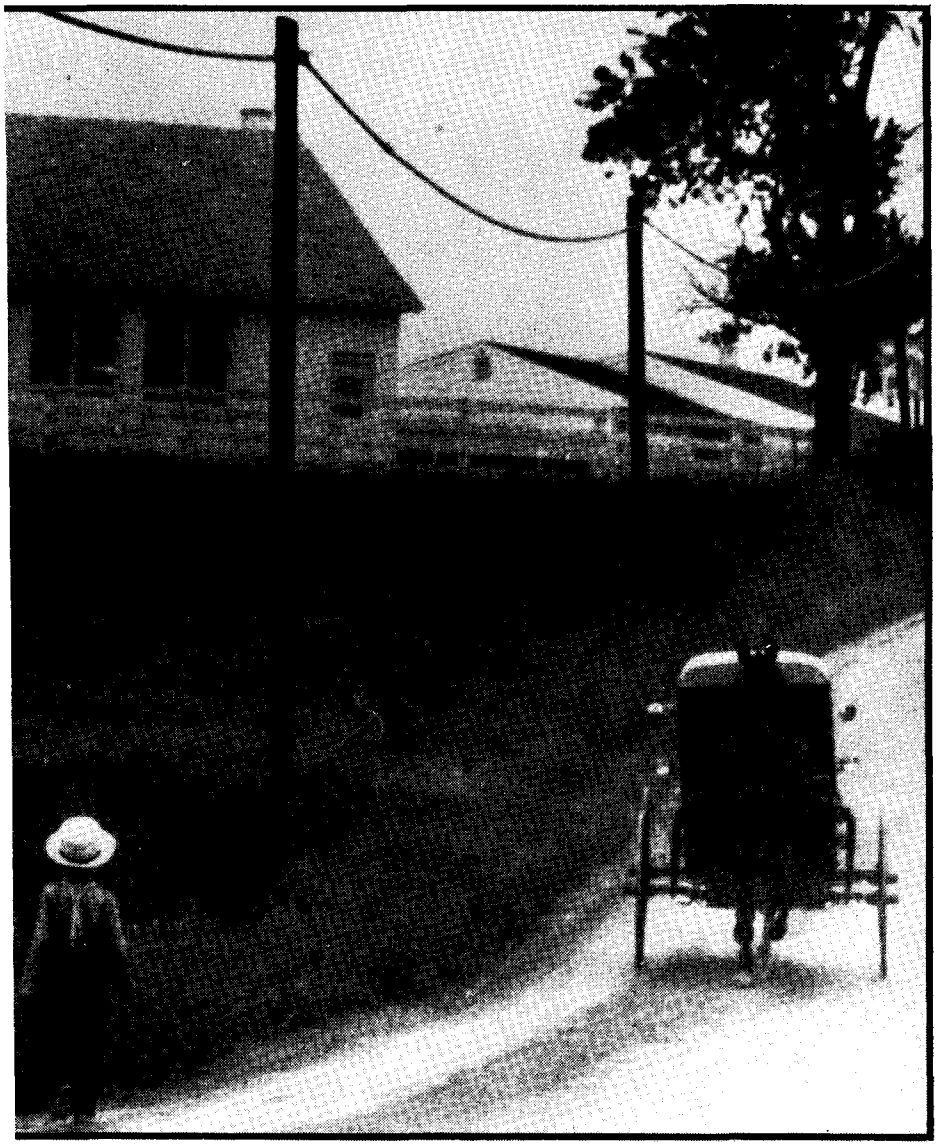
by STEPHEN ARONS



defense's expert witness, Dr. John Hostetler, author of *Amish Society*, that the imposition on Amish youth of the value system of high school will result in psychological alienation of the child and destruction of the Amish faith-community. In spite of this, the trial court convicted the defendants for having violated the compulsory school attendance law.

The court convicted these dissenters from the technological mainstream because it found that the imposition on the Amish was justified by the state's "reasonable" interest in uniform compulsory attendance. To put this finding in its starkest light, the trial court seems to have believed that in choosing between two views of the route to salvation—one called religious practice and the other called compulsory school attendance—the state's version should prevail.

In balancing the burden borne by the Amish against the interest of the state in uniform compulsory attendance, however, the legal presumption favors the Amish. When First Amendment rights such as the free exercise of religion are involved, the state must justify infringements, not simply by reference to a reasonable purpose it holds, but by defining a "compelling" state interest, one so important that not pursuing it would create a clear danger to society. It was for the absence of such a compelling interest that the Wisconsin Supreme Court reversed the convictions and declared the compulsory attendance law unconstitutional as applied to the Amish. The court noted: "To the Amish, secondary schools not only teach an unacceptable value system, but they also seek to integrate ethnic groups into a homogenized society . . ." and as a result ". . . the education they receive in public school is irrelevant to their lives . . . or will make life as Amish impossible." The court could find no compelling state interest sufficient to warrant this effect, especially in view of the fact that an exemption for the Amish left the compulsory attendance law in effect for all others.

Following this ruling, the state Attorney General's office took up the cudgel and asked the U. S. Supreme Court for a hearing. If the Supreme Court affirms the decision, it will strengthen the view that it is not the state but the parents who hold the right to direct the upbringing of children according to their own views, at least when these are sincerely held religious beliefs. Up to this point the strongest legal support for this position came from *Pierce vs. Society of Sisters*, a 1925 case in which a Ku Klux Klan-supported Oregon law requiring children to attend only public schools was held unconstitutional. In so doing, the Court said: "The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in the Union repose excludes any general power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only."

In his dissent in the Wisconsin case, one Justice sought to avoid going beyond the *Pierce* affirmation of a choice among private and public schools. Justice Heffernan reasoned that, although the values of the public high school may indeed be repugnant to the Amish religion, the Amish may establish private schools, thereby satisfying the state's interest in compulsory attendance while preserving the right of Amish parents to direct the upbringing of their children. This proposed resolution, however, misunderstands the Amish community. It is not simply public school to which they object, but *all* schooling above the eighth grade. The dissent implies that the Amish practice of education through experience in the community is capable of satisfying the state's compulsory at-

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"The purpose of Amish education is not to get ahead in the world but to get to heaven."

tendance law. Yet this is the very education which the trial court implicitly condemned when it convicted the defendants and which the public school authorities rejected in refusing a compromise settlement before the trial.

If no such private school compromise is in line with Amish religion, then the lines of conflict are basic. In its broadest terms, the contest is between the state's definition of education and the Amish definition of education; between the ultimate purposes of life as adhered to by the majority of a materialist society and the religious convictions held by the so-called Plain People; between the limitless and homogenizing logic of compulsory attendance and the rights of individuals and groups to maintain the sanctity of their own socially harmless values against a "pall of orthodoxy."

To view this contest as one between secular and clerical law is to misconceive the issue by using terms that have outlived their ability to describe reality. The fact that the value system of the Amish community is described by reference to the will of a Supreme Being raises its importance in the eyes of the law by invoking the protection of the Free Exercise Clause of the First Amendment. But the fact that the majority's choice of values is advanced by something called "compulsory school attendance" does not mean it has any less profound an influence on life goals and human beliefs. The issue is not new. More than 100 years ago John Stuart Mill observed:

> A general state education is a mere contrivance for molding people to be exactly like one another; and as the mold in which it casts them is that which pleases the predominant power in the government—whether this be a monarch, a priesthood, an aristocracy, or the majority of the existing generation—in proportion as it is efficient and successful, it establishes a despotism over the mind, leading by natural tendency to one over the body.

Of course, neither the U.S. Supreme Court nor the parties to the suit view the case in such broad terms. The decision will not concern the validity of compulsory attendance for all but only for the adolescent adherents of a small religious sect. To win the case, the state needed to go no further than to produce a strong justification for denying an exemption to the Amish.

The state's effort to present an inter-

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Raising a barn becomes a community effort: "The Amish agricultural community makes ample provision for training its adolescents in farming and other skills necessary to the community's survival."

est compelling enough to warrant suppression of Amish religious practice is based upon the claim that an educational system is essential to the survival of this or any other society. In its attempt to shore up this precarious position, the state confronts the fact that compulsory education is supported more by inertia and assumption than by reason. Instead of confining itself to the threat posed by an exemption for the Amish, the state's brief leaps headlong into a general discussion of compulsory attendance. This effort succeeds only in raising the question of just why the state can compel school attendance for anyone, ever.

Three general reasons are advanced, in this case, by the Wisconsin State Attorney General's office, as justifications for compulsory attendance: preservation of the political system, economic survival, and socialization of children.

Of the three, the justification for compulsory school attendance rests most securely on the importance of preserving the political process embodied in a democratic form of government. In order for a system based on individual voting and private evaluation of public issues to operate, it is necessary that the vast majority of citizens be familiar with the system—be able to read and otherwise possess the minimum skills needed to acquire knowledge and make informed decisions. This argument about minimum skills has force, but the Amish case is a telling example of how it loses this force through indiscriminate application.

It is fair to assume that by the eighth grade reading and other basic skills, as well as familiarity with the democratic process, have been learned. Nothing to the contrary appears in the case. Yet the state relies upon this argument to compel school attendance by children in the ninth and tenth grades. One wants to ask how, specifically, two more years of schooling are going to advance Jefferson's notion, quoted in the state's brief, that "where the press is free and every man able to read, all is safe." If there is something which must be learned at this grade level to preserve democracy, by all means let it be required. But if not, the argument about preserving the political system is pushed to absurdity. It has no limits and so loses its credibility.

The second justification used by the state also relates to preserving the society, this time its economic rather than political well-being. Put in the most favorable light possible, the state claims that it is justified in requiring schooling so that young people will not become frustrated, unemployable adults and a burden on the society. This argument is embellished with references to higher income for high school graduates. In the case of the Amish, however, there is no burden upon society resulting from unemployed adults, nor is there an absence of training for useful work in the Amish community. As the able attorney for the Amish, William Ball, stated to the High Court, "The purpose of Amish education is not to get ahead in the world but to get to heaven."

In fact, the Amish have a long tradition of taking care of their own dependents. Moreover, the Amish agricultural community makes ample provision for training its adolescents in farming and other skills and values necessary to the community's survival. Those who leave the community may indeed be temporarily at a loss. But if this is the state's concern, it might simply provide free education and job training for those who leave, rather than compel all Amish youth to endure high school when it is admittedly useless and harmful to them. While we may all applaud the effort to provide useful work skills to every citizen and to avoid the burden on the state of high unemployment, it is something else to suggest, as a 1967 *Virginia Law Review* article on Amish education has, that "in sheer economic terms, the nation's children are a natural resource which the state may legitimately exploit to its full potential by means of compulsory education." Such logic encourages the state to substitute its vision, or perhaps that of corporate America, for the religious views of the Amish about work and education and personal contentment. Just such a vision was presented by Wisconsin Assistant Attorney General John W. Calhoun when he reprimanded the Amish for their insis-

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"The contest is between Amish methods of child-rearing and those prescribed by the state."

tence on a simple life, and argued that "what is needed is more education to cope with the problems of society—more pride in intellect, not less."

Running through the discussions of political and economic reasons for compulsory education, and appearing in the *Yoder* testimony, is the notion that the state has a compelling interest in socializing children—in doing what it can to cast them into a behavioral mold acceptable to the majority. The issue of socialization is the most complex and troublesome one in the case. The Amish challenge to our right to prescribe and teach acceptable values ought to make us think twice about the validity of the old notion that society can be improved by means of schooling.

One could not deny that any institutional educational setting carries in its structure, pedagogy, materials, and rules of behavior the imprint of the value system that is adhered to by those who control it. As education innovator Ivan Illich put it: "All over the world schools are organized enterprises designed to reproduce the established order, whether this order is called revolutionary, conservative, or evolutionary." The Amish themselves are no exception. The contest is simply between their values and methods of child-rearing and those prescribed by the state.

Though the state nowhere explicitly claims that it has a right to obliterate cultural differences, or to homogenize children, or to replace the communal spirit with the competitive or austerity with materialism, the testimony in the case suggests just this purpose. In view of the inadequacy of the other reasons put forward by the state, one wonders how else to explain its vigorous prosecution of the Amish.

The present pattern of socialization through compulsory schooling admits some diversity for those who are willing to attend private school, can afford it, and will accept substantial state regulation. For the Amish, however, this avenue for preserving their social patterns does not exist. So the state's interest in socializing could not be questioned more strongly than here. For all its statements about freedom and democracy, the state of Wisconsin is seeking to force the Amish to choose between criminal sanctions on the one hand and abandoning their religious practices and the view of education which sustain their community on the other.

That socialization of children is basic to the state's attempt to include the Amish in its captive audience raises the most serious questions about the preservation of social pluralism. If a state, whose policies are supposed to be an expression of majority values, may regulate not only conduct that is inimical to legitimate state interests but also a significant part of personality formation, what source of support for diversity remains? And if we may compel attendance from six to sixteen, why not from one to thirty?

The state may forbid the exclusion of any group from a public program; but as soon as it can compel the *inclusion* of some group in a program whose inevitable effect is to mold opinion and values, the entire basis of individual freedom has been eroded. The Court has already ruled once that such logic cannot justify compelling all children to attend public school; now it must decide the issue of standardization anew.

The state's attempt at a general justification for compulsory schooling does not find justifiable application in the *Yoder* case and is too weak to support the burden of finding a compelling interest. The protection of the political process might be made specific enough to be credited, but as it stands it is neither relevant to children above the eighth grade nor limited enough to avoid becoming a justification for the perpetuation of ideology. The economic and social rationales are similarly vague, overly broad, and frightening in their potential for dissolving the basis of individual rights.

The vagueness of these reasons becomes apparent when they are compared with the compelling interests advanced by states in other cases involving the conflict of religious tenets and state law. A law requiring vaccination or X-rays, for example, has been upheld over a claim that it violated religious scruples against medical treatment, on the grounds that the state has a compelling interest in preventing the spread of disease.

This case involved state regulation of specific acts as justified by specific, limited, and compelling state interests. This is to be contrasted with *Yoder*, in which attendance at an institution with important influence over personality formation is being justified by an open-ended desire to facilitate the orderly continuation of the status quo.

The state advances an additional argument, however, which appears to be more specific. It is here that it tries to show why the Amish exemption threatens the system of compulsory education and should not be granted. It claims that since the child has a right to an education, and since Amish community education does not prepare its young for any other life than that of the Plain People, the purpose and effect of compulsory schooling is to ensure the child an education which will fit him for whatever life he chooses. The state claims in its brief that "on failing to provide for secondary education for their children, the Amish are neglecting a parental duty and obligation to their children and their duty as citizens of a democracy. . . ."

The corollary of this argument contends that compulsory attendance laws were enacted as an aid in enforcing child labor laws and are therefore part of a general scheme designed to prevent parents from yielding to economic pressure to send their children to work.

The right-to-education argument and the child labor argument are basically the same in that they both rely upon the notion that the state may regulate the family in order to protect the child from abuse or exploitation by the parents. In fact, when the Court upheld child labor laws against claims that they violated religious commandments to proselytize, the language of the Court made reference to compulsory attendance as another example of a compelling state interest in protecting children's safety and health.

This argument sets up a tension between the control of children by parents and by the state, confident that in this tension the child will find his maximum freedom and welfare. Here liberals probably stop and begin to scratch their heads. Even if one supposes that a basic equality between state and parent in the control of children might possibly promote the freedom of the children, that equality hardly exists today. At one point it was the duty solely of parents to educate the child. With the advent of modern state-regulated schooling, in which everything from dismissal for long hair to

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Barn-raising not only serves a useful purpose but provides an opportunity for relaxation and enjoyment.

prescription of course work can be commanded by a pink slip from the principal's office, the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. What is needed is not to save the children from their parents but to save them from the deadening hand of the schools. As almost every article about education in the last five years has admitted, it is the schools, not the parents, that are damaging the children by excessively rigid control of their education.

One could sympathize with the idea that compulsory schooling should serve the purpose of providing every young person with the time and freedom and resources to explore and learn freely. According to this idea, the child is freed from work and family pressure and given some psychological space. But school is not value-free; and almost nowhere does it consist of freedom to explore. It is, rather, a maze of requirements and expectations and coercion. Though we might like "school" to mean freedom, in reality it makes a mockery of the "holy curiosity of inquiry" about which Einstein said: "It is a very grave mistake to think that the enjoyment of seeing and searching can be promoted by means of coercion and a sense of duty."

Perhaps the greatest irony of the case is the notion of freeing Amish children from their community. The Amish community experiences little delinquency in minors, causes and fights no wars, uses no polluting machines, eschews materialism, and has no economically based class system. To save these people from the quiet sanity of their lives by forcing them into the center of the psychologically unhealthy atmosphere of modern America strains the definition of freedom beyond recognition.

Even if a balance of state and parental influence over child-rearing were in fact established, such a formula would still be troublesome. A person's freedom—even a child's—cannot be secured by making him the object of a struggle for control. A sharp line must be drawn between giving the state power to punish specific, identifiable abuses of children by their parents, and elevating the state to a socializing role equal to that of the parents. The former has always been recognized as a justifiable exercise of the state's power to protect individuals from criminal acts by others. The latter runs against the entire notion of the family as the basic unit of society and the individual as the basic unit of democracy.

If such a wholesale restructuring of society and transference of the source of political power is to become law, it ought to be as the product of a revolution or a new constitution, not as an incidental rationalization for pushing a handful of farm children into the New Glarus, Wisconsin, public high school.

The existence of this paternalistic tug-of-war between the state and parents for the control of children exposes the fact that young people themselves have few rights and almost no legally acknowledged individuality. But more than this, it exposes the fact that our society has steadily weakened in its ability to understand and deal constructively with its children. Debate about state-versus-parent control unintentionally obscures the increasingly painful observation that neither of these claimants is really trusted to provide a supportive, humanistic, and self-actualizing child-rearing atmosphere, and that both may be becoming dysfunctional and alienating. One has only to talk to the "street kids" or the school kids to wonder whether there is any natural, comfortable place for children in America. Certainly it is not the standard public school.

The search for new forms of community going on in the counterculture is a partial recognition of this problem and an attempt to develop new child-rearing concepts and institutions. This important groping is nowhere near producing an organic solution. But the *Yoder* case is fast approaching the point of decision. It is clear, therefore, that the case must be decided on the basis of the obscuring dichotomy between parental and state control. There is no way to discuss the merits of some new child-rearing institution that might more justifiably be called "school." If there must be such a decision between these inadequate alternatives, state control is the more dangerous.

Compulsory schooling has been with us for so long that we rarely, if ever, examine why it exists, whether it should be altered, and how it is different from the increasingly important "Right to an Education." The reasons advanced by the state of Wisconsin to support this time-honored institution are so vague and so easily used to justify unconscionable restrictions on individual liberty and free exercise of religion that even in the narrow context of the *Yoder* case they are frightening.

By putting their own values on the line, the Amish have presented the public-at-large with a case which ought to prompt a much-needed re-examination of compulsory schooling. The fact that the case involves religious liberty on the one hand and state reproduction of established values on the other makes this re-examination hard to avoid. As Mr. Ball stated at the close of his argument to the Court: "If the Amish lose, [I fear that] people will feel the Court has indicted our nation as too ossified to permit honest differences."

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The State's Case

John William Calhoun

Compulsory Education Immunizes Against the Disease of Ignorance

In his dissenting opinion in *State vs. Yoder*, the Wisconsin Amish case involving the compulsory school attendance law, Justice Heffernan of the Wisconsin Supreme Court said: "The state's interest and obligation run to each and every child in the state. In the context of the public law of the state, no child's education ranks below the concern of the law." In *Lemon vs. Kurtzman*, one of the recent parochial aid cases, U.S. Supreme Court Justice Byron R. White wrote:

> It is our good fortune that the states of this country long ago recognized that instruction of the young and old ranks high on the scale of proper governmental function, and not only understood secular education as a public responsibility, but also required compulsory attendance at school by their young. . . .

There is nothing new or novel about statements celebrating the advantages of compulsory education to society. The U.S. Supreme Court, in decisions ranging from the right of children to attend desegregated schools to refusal of aid to parochial schools, has never left in doubt the fundamental importance it attaches to learning and an individual's right to acquire an education. No branch of our government has the right directly or indirectly to extinguish the lamp of knowledge.

The issue is not the Amish life-style or a matter of pluralistic vs. egalitarian societies. In fact, to many of us caught in the remorseless day-to-day crunch of daily living, the Amish life has great appeal. However, as Stuart Chase has said, "Retreat to a simpler era may have had some merit 200 years ago when Rousseau was extolling the virtues of the Cro-Magnon man, but too much water has gone through the turbines."

The issue viewed broadly is whether one has a Constitutional right to conscientiously object to education by refusing to send his children to school in violation of compulsory school attendance laws. Put another way: Is education of such "compelling interest" or "fundamental importance" to society that the state can enforce compulsory school attendance laws against one whose religious beliefs require him to keep his children from secondary schools?

The development of public education and its separation from religious control is historically documented by Butts and Cremin in *A History of Education in American Culture*. As they point out, the growth of institutional forms of government resulting in the reduction of the arbitrary power of the ruling class was the basis for the development of education. It made possible a new conception of education's role in society. The profound effect of pre-Revolutionary theological concepts enforced by religious sanctions changed after the Revolution to the nonreligious sanctions of human reason rather than divine law; natural rights rather than supernatural rights. This shift, Butts and Cremin feel, made possible discussion of the goals and conduct of education without exclusive reliance on religious motivation and approval.

With a precedent reaching back to the early pre-Revolutionary days, people could accept the idea of a law requiring children to attend school. Viewing the First Amendment with its provisions for freedom of worship and the press and its prohibition against establishment of any religion, it is possible to discern the common relationship that education has with the Constitution.

It is by these acts of learning and worshiping that religion and education reach a common ground in the freedoms guaranteed by the First Amendment. For the most part the emphasis that these liberties play in our lives, the manner in which they are exercised, and the degree to which they are preserved depend ultimately on an educated electorate.

In *Pierce vs. Society of Sisters of the Holy Name*, a 1925 Oregon case, the United States Supreme Court decided that parents could satisfy compulsory school attendance laws by sending their children to a nonsecular or secular private school meeting reasonable state standards. Prior to that decision, in *Meyer vs. Nebraska*, a 1923 case, the Court stated that "it was the natural duty of a parent to give his child an education and that nearly all states enforce this obligation by compulsory attendance laws."

That the family itself is not beyond regulation in the public interest as against a claim of religious liberty was clearly established in *Reynolds vs. United States*, a case decided by the United States Supreme Court in 1878 and involving the Mormons and the state's prohibition against polygamous marriages. The Court quoted at length from Thomas Jefferson's address to the Danbury Baptists to the effect that "man has no natural right in opposition to his social duty."

In citing this case, Justice Stone in *Prince vs. Massachusetts*, a case decided in 1943, noted that "neither the rights of religion nor rights of parenthood are beyond limitations. Acting to guard the general interest in youth's well-being, the state, as *parens patriae*, may restrict the parents' control by requiring school attendance, regulating or prohibiting child labor, or in many other ways. . . ." Although *Prince* involved child labor, child labor laws and compulsory school attendance are correlative and spring from the same concern for the welfare of the child. This common relationship is historically documented by Lawrence A. Cremin in *The Transformation of the School*. He noted that passing a law does not necessarily get children into school and that without correlative measures regulating hours of child labor and employment "a compulsory attendance law is a sham, unenforceable, and ultimately meaningless."

It would appear, therefore, that state legislatures have Constitutional authority to enact compulsory school attendance laws. However, one must take into account the 1963 case of *Sherbert vs. Verner*. This case held that a law requiring Seventh-day Adventists, who worship on Saturday, to be available for work on Saturday in order to qualify for unemployment compensation violated their rights to worship freely.

A response to *Sherbert* and its application to the compulsory school attendance laws appears in the recent conscientious objector cases. These cases strongly indicate that a statutory exemption from military conscription granted solely for religious reasons is unconstitutional. In one of these cases, *Gillette vs. U. S.*, the petitioner argued for selective exemptions based on objections to certain wars. The U.S. Supreme Court rejected the argument, holding that "its analysis has revealed government's interest of a kind and weight sufficient to justify under the free exercise clause the impact of conscription laws on those who object to particular wars." These cases apparently affirm that there is no Constitutional right to conscientiously object to conscription.

In a comparison of Constitutional values, education must rank higher on the scale of governmental function than military conscription. The forty-nine states that have compulsory school attendance laws must be assured that they have the Constitutional right to use these laws if in the exercise of the democratic process they are deemed necessary to realize fully the value and necessity of education to the individual and society.

The author is Assistant Attorney General in Wisconsin and represented the state in *Wisconsin vs. Yoder*.

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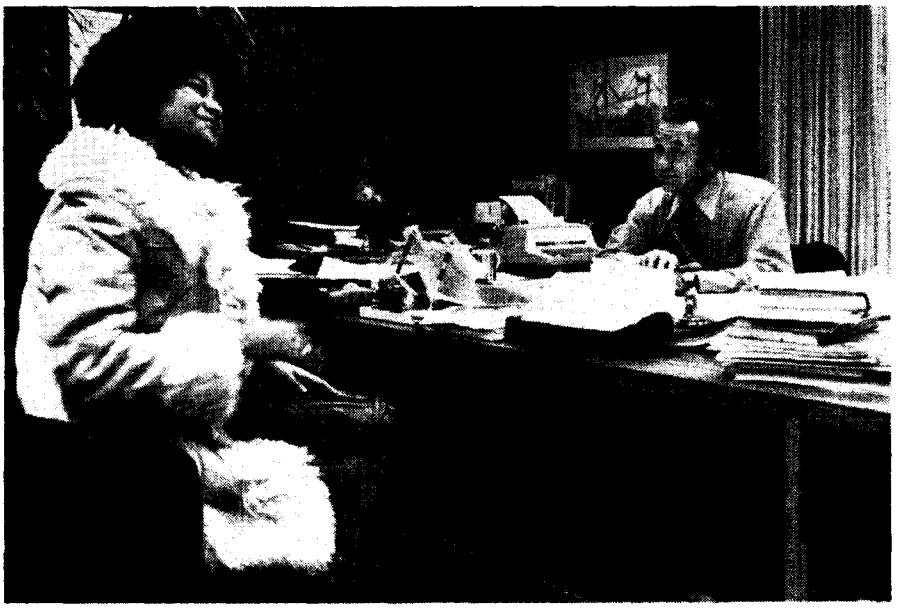
A COLLEGE AND ITS PRESIDENT—1972

by WILLIAM M. BIRENBAUM



President Birenbaum and student: "My office is full of people all the time, and it is so lonely. So little understanding passes over my desk."

As I write this, I am the president of a college in New York City. It is one of the twenty free-tuition units of New York's giant public system called the City University. The annual operating budget of this university is approaching a half-billion dollars. Student enrollments are nearly 200,000. There are more than 11,000 full-time faculty members, organized into two trade unions and paid according to one of the highest salary schedules in the nation.

My piece of the action in this system is a community college in Staten Island, the one borough of New York City in which the majority of voters thought Richard Nixon should be President of the United States. Another 10 per cent of its population preferred George Wallace. More than half of its people are Catholics of the Italian tradition. An unusual proportion of New York City's civil servants—its firemen, sanitation workers, and policemen—have chosen to live here. My student body reflects this fact. Like most of the blacks in the Bedford-Stuyvesant community, where I worked before coming here, most of the people in Staten Island still passionately believe in their own version of the American promise. They respect and honor the flag and put decals and stickers on their automobiles proudly announcing that fact. I have grown very fond and respectful of the citizenry here. They believe in something, and on the whole they are brave, fearless, and usually candid in the pursuit of their convictions, often at the expense of my peace of mind.

And now—in the seventh winter after Berkeley—my university has committed itself to accept anyone who has "earned" any high school diploma, even those whose high schools somehow have failed to teach them the nation's language, to master the mathematical systems to which economic success in America is so vitally linked. It is a magnificent commitment, a fresh and tender vote of confidence in the future of a springtime in this country, in a season of new life we hope will come after this winter.

Perhaps not all those undertaking this commitment were dreaming the American dream. In New York City our campuses have been embattled, gates locked, with police coming and going. Perhaps pragmatic political pressures more than humanitarian ideals or even educational convictions led some board members to cast their votes for open doors. It is not a particularly friendly time for pleaders of principle. I have heard them called "bleeding hearts" at recent meetings of our board. No matter. Hearts are bleeding on our campuses, in the city, all over America. It is a time for hearts to bleed a little.

At Staten Island College we have all these unfinished humans, these miraculous creations, each one flawed somewhat, some more, some less. Who are we to say they should not aspire to perfection? Are we to tell them not to argue for new definitions of beauty? I am impressed. They are here. To debate whether or not they should be here is not my bag now. Like them, I'm here.

And so we must meet. We meet.

I have known, during this past year at the college, some finished humans too: the handsome blond boy, sitting hunched on the toilet stool in the third-floor men's john, dead, the syringe that injected the fatal dose of heroin lying on the floor at his feet. The black star of the basketball team in the pool of his own blood, lying on a curbstone in Queens, dead. The police bullet entered the back of his head after he, according to the press, opened fire on the two patrolmen "for reasons unknown." His mother and father showed me the three commendations he received in Vietnam, the gold seal on the statement describing the valor that earned him the Bronze Star. It cannot be true, they said. We do not understand, they said. He was my friend. But now our friendship is done. I do not understand.

This president's office is full of people all the time, and it is so lonely. So little understanding passes over my desk.

They've been turned off, off, off. Off by mothers and fathers who have lost touch. Off by churches that preach what they seldom practice. Off by politicians who play their profession like a game. Off by the teachers and administrators who really don't seem to care. Off by slaughtering wars, fought at the wrong time in the wrong places. Off by the violence, by the corruption and the dirt, by the apparent meaninglessness of so much of it. They come in wearing their hard hats of skepticism, cups of armor protecting the fragile skulls in which there is so much desire to believe, to trust, to find what is honest, and to know when it is found. They have made simple honesty, truth, and trust conditions of their education. They insist upon the impossible. Never before has a college president been so urgently called upon to live the ideals for which his enterprise stands. Never before has he been called upon to think

This article is adapted from William M. Birenbaum's autobiographical book, *Something for Everybody Is Not Enough*, to be published next month by Random House. Copyright © 1972 by William M. Birenbaum.

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so clearly—*to act in keeping with what he thinks.*

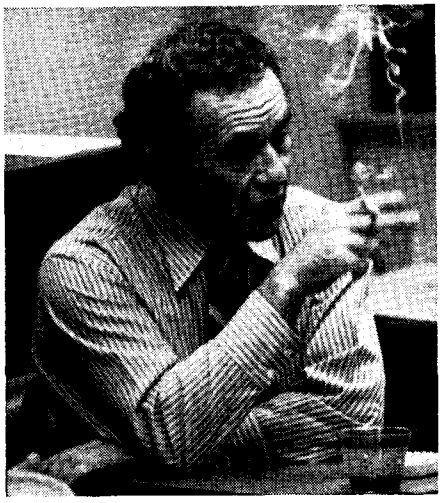
There is a huge difference between knowing what is wrong and doing something about it; between designing the ideal program and implementing it; between thinking about what you'd do if you had the power and confronting the responsibility of actually having it. It helps tremendously to have an idea, to experience the coming together of intelligence and integrity. But now we are at a point where delivery itself is crucial. People are really getting hurt. Boredom and aimlessness, police and blood—these are no laughing matters for a nation's young.

The subject matter of my work is really quite complicated. Harmonizing what I think with how I act is almost hopelessly involved because there are so many people who do not think what I think, who would not act as I wish to act. Were I an "out" hoping to get "in," perhaps it would matter less. But I am an "in," possessing a cutting responsibility for the welfare of so many of those who disagree with me. The exercise of my presidential power is forever tempered by that. In other words, my professional life is one grand compromise.

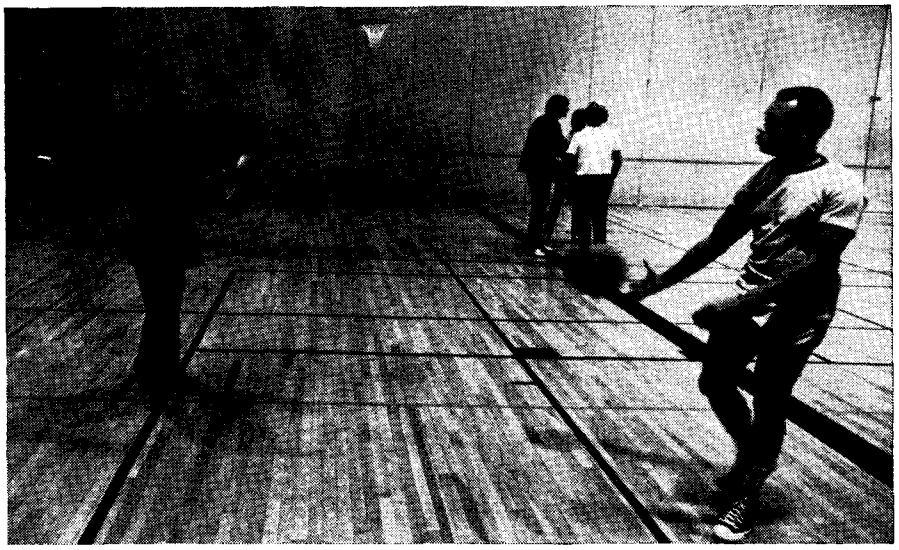
Many of my young friends do not understand what it takes, what it means, to compromise. Often quixotically critical of the fact of power, they are also critical, quixotically, I think, of temperance in its exercise. They see in the fact that I compromise a breach in my integrity, a flaw in my honesty, a reason for distrusting me. If a new building is to be built, build it. Forget the dozen university and city agencies, the legions of bureaucrats, and piles of red tape that stand between the conception and the result. If a new curriculum seems to make sense, do it. Forget the faculty unions, the need for new dollars, the mountain of personal piques, the many mistakes that stand between the status quo and the new idea. If the war is stupid, stop it.

The trouble with this is that I have a deep feeling, even an understanding, for their lack of understanding. Too often, it seems to me, intelligence, even justice, is on their side, not mine. But, unhappily, for most of these things I am accountable, not they. I am accountable for my power. Worse, I am accountable for the use of a collectivity of power far beyond what I actually possess, for what happens in places when I am not even there—like the meetings of the faculty of the English department, the john on the third floor, the curbstone in Queens.

There is no way to teach people accountability for possessing power other than, as a first step, to empower them. In America we have a generation of young adults, grown to be as old as



President Birenbaum on a typical day at Staten Island Community College: "The subject matter of my work is really quite complicated. Harmonizing what I think with how I act is almost hopelessly involved. . . . Many of my young friends do not understand what it takes, what it means, to compromise. Often quixotically critical of the fact of power, they are also critical of temperance in its exercise. They see in the fact that I compromise a breach in my integrity. . . . The trouble with this is that I have a deep feeling, even an understanding, for their lack of understanding. Too often, it seems to me, intelligence, even justice, is on their side, not mine."



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eighteen or more, old enough to drive our cars, to drink our booze, to vote, to fight our wars, whom we have kept relatively powerless, inexcusably ignorant about the connection between thinking and acting. How are they to understand my loneliness and our country's travail?

And as for the masses of Americans who are "out" but who may still want "in," if their style is not ours, if their values are not ours, it is because we have not shared. We have not taught. We have selfishly hoarded what we know about the ends, and stupidly monopolized the means. Our stupidity leads us into our own paradox. Under the circumstances, the more we urge them to be like us and the more they respond to this invitation, the more we search for an escape and flee. Flee to suburbia, flee to segregation, flee to the comfort of old habits and of being older, flee to the more arbitrary exercise of our superior powers.

At Staten Island we are on the threshold of another grand experiment. We will try to revise the freshman year precedent to set the entire college in a new direction. We have admitted almost a thousand more freshmen this year than last; admitted them into our departmentalized boxes, into the master plan that has worked so well for so long, until lately; admitted them into our status quo, which is now the past. At this moment the design is pure. We are on the threshold of our compromises; on the brink, perhaps, of new disasters.

Our system's persistent durability is its foremost characteristic. Empires rise and fall, but the university goes on forever. Presidents and students are shot in the head, but it makes no difference. The system resists change, and so now we will try to change it.

We are supposed to double the size of our campus within the next few years. The townsfolk living in the $100,000 homes near our fences are outraged. More cars, more pot, more noise, more long hair, more disrespect for flag and motherhood! We have prodded the new plan through the Park Commission, the Board of Estimate, the Site Selection Board, the Office of Education, and University Headquarters in Manhattan, through the borough president's office, the neighborhood landowners' association, and the Conservationist League. It will be a miracle, but finally we will do it. We will build a Learning Town here with its own pedestrian streets and its own town hall. We will bring this college into human scale, create our own walk-up learning places, our own moments of city beauty in the dimension of the people who, to learn here, must also work here together, humanely. We will restore some measure of privacy and urban physical beauty to this campus. We will do it. We must.

Knowing that any urban design is only as good as the sense of community felt among the people for and by whom the design is made, we will try to restore a community among scholars, between teachers and the taught, the decent community of ideas and habits of life essential to any learning endeavor. We aim to return the curriculum, the learning plan, and the facilities supporting it to the level of the blocks in the Learning Town, to empower the blocks to govern themselves, each regulating its own traffic in ideas, each planting and maintaining its own green garden of what we ought to know together. The thousands will be reorganized into groups of 200 students each, with a score or more of teachers and counselors who will develop their own places in the Learning Town and be responsible for the design of their own part.

What is new often takes us back to ancient and eternal questions, to the significance of history. The future and the past are brothers. What should every man know now, and how may we best encourage the knowing? We are confident of a part of the answer to this question, but we are still groping. Every man must know the language of his country—how to read, write, and speak it, the literature and drama of it, the power to get things done through the persuasive use of it. Every man must know the numbers systems upon which modern science depends, the methods of thought through which the science works, the science upon which the country's economy and health depend.

There is no more impressive chapter in our history than the saga of how we have got, scientifically and technologically, to where we are. Every man must know the sources of his own community's politics, its culture, its dependence upon evolution, the reasons for its revolutionary birth and for its turbulent existence. To change anything, one must know what there is to change. And every man must know not only how ugly he can be, but how beautiful, for only through sensing this in his architecture, in his music and art, can he sense the reasons for knowing all the rest. Every man must know these things, and if sixty credit hours or 120, two years or four are not right, if this library and these departments do not help him know these things, then we must change what we do and how we do it.

Finally, our Learning Town on Staten Island can never be more than a neighborhood of this great city. Each student citizen will be an intern in some aspect of the city's life. Each student each week will move from his block in the Learning Town to the streets of his city, seeking new connections between what he is learning and the use of it, between the need to decide intelligently and acquiring the knowledge upon which intelligence depends, between the necessity to act and the desire to know in order to act wisely.

It will be a miracle, but finally we will do this too. We will carry our plans forward through the departments and the curriculum committees, through the personnel and budget committees and the board of trustees, through the accrediting associations and the Board of Regents, through the grievance committees of the unions. And when we have done it, when it is done, it will be unfinished and imperfect, a model for no one and for nothing except ourselves as we try to be better and for those who will follow us in Staten Island, knowing more than we know and, thus, knowing how to be better. When it is done, we will be history and they will be the future. We will be what they criticize, the reactionary status quo they will change.

In the passage of time between my writing these words and their appearance in print, all these miracles and dreams, these commitments and convictions, may convert into nightmares and dissolve into ashes. Perhaps we want too much. Perhaps I will not survive long as president of this college. Perhaps the faculty will rise in righteous indignation, or in its fearful recoil from the challenges succumb to intimidation. Perhaps the board will panic, or perhaps the students will burn it all down. Perhaps anarchy will overcome the campus and tyranny the taxpaying community that claims it. Perhaps. . . .

But if there is anyone around then to study the history of this time and this place, they will know—they will know that there were many here who with youth in their souls and courage in their hearts tried to be themselves, who took their time and their place somewhat seriously. They will know that our bureaucratic bungling, that the petty political maneuverings of departmental chairmen, ambitious academics, deans and presidents, militant Maoists and crew-cut hardhats meant something after all. They will know that some of us knew we had a chance and that, having the chance, we tried. They will know that we were part of the continuity and that we did not turn away from the opportunity to make a difference. Being on our own, finally, leaves us not lonely and in despair, but joined anew with our brothers, newly aware of our own possibilities, full of hope.

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Toward a Sense of Community

CHILDREN TEACH CHILDREN

by Alan Gartner, Mary Kohler, and Frank Riessman

Harper & Row, 180 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Jerome S. Bruner

■ The gist of this book is:

It has long been obvious that children learn from their peers, but a more significant observation is that *children learn more from teaching other children.* From this a major educational strategy follows: namely, that every child must be given the opportunity to play the teaching role, because it is through playing this role that he may really learn how to learn.

Mobilization for Youth, a New York City antipoverty program, states that over a five-month period in which older children tutored younger children with reading difficulties, those tutored gained 6.0 months, while the tutors gained an extraordinary 3.4 years. *A leap of this magnitude is the order of achievement that must be striven for in the schools of America.*

The experience of the 1960s seems to indicate that the key to learning is individualization, and the use of the student or pupil as a teacher is one way to increase this individualization. The concept of learning through teaching appears to be one of those basic ideas which do work, and it is finding a place in an enormous variety of settings . . . where the entire school is directed toward becoming a "tutorial community."

It would be rash indeed to say that in any long-range sense the idea of learning through teaching "works." We simply do not know. There are some promising reports of success presented in the pages of this book, but these happy results may be Hawthorne effects, accompaniments of any refreshing new departure in the enterprise of education as in other enterprises. Do the gains remain when the once fresh becomes commonplace, when the children see themselves once again as part of the schools' standard operating procedures?

Yet the idea of children teaching younger students is so compelling, so full of rich consequences for a society willing to risk using the technique that it should be given a special hearing. It matters little that initial results cannot quite be trusted, for the deeper question is whether an idea in which each is responsible for helping in the education of those less gifted or less advanced might indeed be a revolutionary concept that can shake up and give fresh new life to the educational system.

A major premise of the authors is the "Helper Therapy Principle," nicely illustrated by Alcoholics Anonymous. What is curious about an organization like AA is that "while it may be uncertain that people *receiving* help are always benefited, it seems much clearer that the people giving the help are profiting from their role." Another premise assumes that children, faced with the task of tutoring others, are more likely to learn how to learn, are more likely to grasp the strategy of learning by dint of having to master materials well enough to teach others. Forced to figure out why another child might be floundering, tutors achieve a new insight themselves. Indeed, the seventeenth-century Comenius is quoted with approval:

The saying, "He who teaches others teaches himself," is very true not only because constant repetition impresses a fact indelibly on the mind but because the process of teaching in itself gives a deeper insight into the subjects taught. . . . The gifted Joachim Fortius used to say that . . . if a student wishes to make progress, he should arrange to give lessons daily in the subjects which he was studying, even if he had to hire his pupils.

The authors maintain that finding and reformulating the structure of a body of material in order to assure sufficient comprehension to teach another produces extraordinary learning in the teacher. They quote as a chapter motto an anecdote in *The Process of Education*: "I went through it [the quantum theory] once and looked up only to find the class full of blank faces—they had obviously not understood. I went through it a second time, and they still did not understand it. And so I went through it a third time, and that time I understood it."

Finally, the authors speak of the social and emotional effects, the extent to which the tutoring experience permits a child to overcome his own reticence, how he develops a sense of a function, of being useful in society, of making a difference in the life of somebody who comes to depend upon him. The quotations from interviews with children are moving indeed—so much so that one at times gasps at the sense of isolation and functionlessness that seizes children in our technological and urban society.

From a technical viewpoint the book is useful in that it contains examples of various projects that have been tried with some degree of initial success in settings as different as suburban school systems and ghetto free schools. The doctrine concerning how to do it is still quite thin, and there is not yet enough evidence for the superiority of one approach over another. What the book does do, however, is to indicate that there is enough know-how available so that any school administrator should by now take seriously the possibility of introducing in his own school system one of the plans described in the book. But it is not about that that I wish to comment. Rather it is the moral implications of their proposal that capture my attention, for I sense that like most social scientists they are somewhat embarrassed to consider the issue.

It is usually in revolutionary situations where the meaning of community is recaptured that one typically encounters the doctrine that each is a teacher for another. Often the utopian ardor may not last, but it gives impetus to a new movement. The literacy campaigns of the Revolution in the Soviet Union were full of such ardor; so indeed are they in contemporary Cuba. Implicit within the ideal is a new recognition that knowledge is power and "power for the people" requires getting knowledge to them. Let it be said that this book is not written in the spirit of Fidel, nor even of Paulo Freire. It grows rather from that strange mix of manipulativeness and high-mindedness characteristic of the "group dynamics approach." It is no cry for revolutionary duty, but an appeal to human niceness in the name of effectiveness.

Yet when we read Urie Bronfenbrenner's perceptive analysis of the isolating tendency within American society to grade and segregate by age, one realizes that the idea of each teaching another may indeed be a revolutionary step toward maintaining community in a society where the forces of urban organization, of mass production, and indeed of mass education are all centrifugal. Surely the appearance of this book is part of the thrust toward finding community and community functions. The isolation of generations, of races, and to a new degree of sexes has reinforced the sense of helplessness already aggravated by a war we cannot stop, by pollution we cannot contain, and by a spate of goods we

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seem unable to distribute justly and wisely.

The French anthropologist Claude Levi-Strauss sees human culture composed of three basic exchange systems designed to promote and protect the feeling of mutuality and solidarity within the society. One system involves exchanging symbols, knowledge, myths. The coin of this exchange system is language and its derivatives: explanation, elaboration, justification. The second system is designed for the exchange of affiliation and affection, and its instruments are the family, the group, the neighborhood, even the profession. Finally, there is the exchange of goods and services fostered by the division of labor in society. Any working society must have effective means for exchanging ideas, affiliations, and goods in a fashion that ensures each a sense of his place and function. Each of the exchange systems generates values and preferences. In most folk cultures the process of imparting the ways of doing things is not limited to a single group, a single profession, or a single institution. The task is shared widely. Often no explicit word for teaching—in our sense of the term—exists. There is much observation of adult behavior; most often children build their play and games around variants of observed adult behavior. Learning occurs virtually anywhere, and more likely than not one's age peers are engaged with you. It is true in our own society of any activity not officially dubbed as "school." Children teach each other checkers, chess, and Monopoly. They wouldn't if the mathematical value of these activities were fully appreciated and pre-empted by the school authorities.

The contemporary effort to reconstruct our schools is, I think, part of the general effort to reduce isolation, to re-establish mutuality and exchange. Sharing one's skills and knowledge with others, being teacher as well as learner are efforts to that end.

I spent an evening at a secondary school, a place very much for the daughters of the New England gentry. It was the students' discussion of their experiences helping to teach lower grades in local elementary schools. The discussion was stunningly, almost painfully, direct. They had problems. I was treated as a man who might offer help, and they were eager for me to conclude my fifteen minutes of distilled wisdom so that they could get down to cases. The real business was responsibility for others. Never mind that tutoring mathematics means learning mathematics better. Probably so. What do you do, one girl asked, when you find that a kid disrupts not just because he is trying to get attention but "because he has always had the short end of the stick and wants to destroy what he sees as his torment—school, class, teachers? How do I get that kid to trust anybody?" In a society that specializes, as our technical society does, we set up professions and hire practitioners to ask questions of that kind. They are probably the questions that get asked effectively only when they are asked by everybody.

Driving home after the meeting, I thought of a story of my father's about a Chinese diplomat attending the naval disarmament conference in London in 1922. When the weekend came, he was invited by a senior member of the British Foreign Office to visit his country home where, on arrival, he was urged by his host to watch a set of tennis between father and son. The set was close, 8-6 for the father. Towels round necks, they joined the Chinese gentleman and asked how he had liked the game. "Most interesting," said the diplomat, "there was but one thing I did not understand." "What was that?" asked his host. "Why did you not get your servants to play it for you?" And why, indeed, do we hire teachers to do it *all* for us, when in one way or another the process of education is everybody's business? And when the teacher fails, why then do we hire counselors to play it for us? And when that fails, in turn, we have the school psychologist play it for us.

There is deep change in the making. Peer counseling and rap sessions in college dorms reflect the intense concern of students with living and coping. I do not mean to quarrel with the authors of this brave little book, *Children Teach Children*. (It is a little book, and a decade from now there'll be a much larger one and a much better one.) But it does seem to me that placing the emphasis on the learning boon to the teacher leads the authors to lose sight of the full power of their proposal. The teacher may learn more mathematics, but he and his charges may both get a better sense of what it is to share, what it means for the better equipped to give a lift to the less gifted.

Perhaps superintendents, principals, and school boards may have to be lured with pragmatic rationale. It is not the right reason for adopting this plan. It is a bonus. The real reason should be to get us an inch on the way toward making the helper and the helped the universal unit of exchange within a culture that continues to produce lonely crowds, lonelier than ever.

Jerome S. Bruner, psychology professor at Harvard, is the author of, most recently, *The Relevance of Education*, published last year by Norton.

WIT TWISTER #252

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The Malay wife whose nagging
— — — — her mate
Is known to — — — — a swift,
ensanguined fate;
For if her shrewish tongue gives
him no peace,
His crook-backed — — — — can
guarantee release.

—A. S.

(Answer on page 69)

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BOOK REVIEW

SCHOOL IS DEAD

by Everett Reimer

Doubleday, 215 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Jack Fields

■ No words sing in this dolorous dirge sounding the knell over schools. Although the proclamation that *School Is Dead* is a stopper intended to elevate eyebrows, the text Reimer assembles congeals in prose turgid enough to put would-be mourners to sleep. For an institution that has been declared defunct, the school still manages to conjure up a corpse charged with venom and other mortal dangers.

Reimer, a colleague and friend of Ivan Illich at CIDOC (Center for Intercultural Documentation) in Mexico, has studied and searched for education alternatives earnestly. His book is the culmination of his groping toward that end, and, questions of style aside, his ideas merit attention.

The critique of the schools and society that Reimer presents is familiar. He finds little about which to cheer. Schools are costly and inefficient, he says, and provide support for a technological society. By perpetuating myths of equal opportunity and progress, they bolster belief in a sick society, one dedicated to competitive consumption, and maintain the illusion "that as long as one keeps climbing all roads lead to the top." Every president of Standard Oil, he reminds us, is matched by ten thousand office boys who are left behind.

Reimer joins many concerned citizens in his fear that society cannot survive class conflict stoked to increasing heat by international turmoil, universal advertising, and competitive schooling. The world cannot absorb the waste it now receives, he warns, let alone the amount implied by present trends. What are Reimer's solutions?

The heart of his proposal beats in a strange technological process he calls a network system, in which schools would be replaced by informational records, skill models, peer matching, and educators. It is difficult to picture the process because no clear blueprints or working models exist. Apparently, the records in the form of data stored in cassettes and computers would contain information of all kinds to be made quickly and cheaply available to any person who wanted them. The skill models refer to people who could demonstrate desired skills, such as vocational, linguistic, and mathematical competence. His peer group would emerge through a computerized matching of fellow learners with whom the learning could be shared. Last on his scale of priorities are educators whose experience might facilitate these learning resources.

How would the system be run and financed? Reimer passes over these questions as though he were walking on hot coals. The task of developing and administering the skill models he would vest in a public utility whose responsibility it would also be to compensate the models. Another form of financing, he suggests, could be through personal education accounts and a system of public education utilities that would have to be self-supporting, as our postal system is supposed to be.

Although these details might seem cursory and vague, Reimer is convinced that this network system will increase the demand for education, placing the greatest importance on the architects and administrators of the educational resource networks. Next in popularity, he thinks, would be the designers of individualized programs and those who could diagnose educational difficulties while prescribing effective remedies. Third would come the leaders in every branch of learning. In this system, which Reimer acknowledges as a utopia, the assignment he sets for the designers of the new networks is "to understand knowledge, people, and the societies they live in." No more but so. As for teachers who were greatly honored before there were schools, they will be honored again when they are freed to practice their profession without the constraints of forced attendance, mandatory curriculums, and classroom walls. "While the task of this new competent pedagogue is not for the fainthearted," he tells us, "the practitioner will nevertheless find in it the rewards of the old family doctor." There it is. Mr. Chips will ride again.

At the end of his tenth chapter the writer at last acknowledges that schools cannot be disestablished and education made available to all while the rest of the world remains unchanged. The task then is not merely to replace the school institution, but to make the sick world well again. "Competition among nations, classes, and individuals will have to be replaced by cooperation," Reimer says.

The selfish advantages of the rich over the poor constitute Reimer's real enemy, and it is this inequitable state of the world he wants to redress. The role of the true teacher, as he sees it, "is to help people discover and proclaim the truths that could set men free."

The strategies for seeking his revolutionary but Christian changes are peaceful. Because he considers the school to be more powerful than the church of the Middle Ages and responsible for providing educational opportunity in rough proportion to existing privilege, he would seek to promote legislation that would abolish education's institutional monopoly. In addition, he wants an extension of antidiscrimination laws to forbid favoritism based on schooling as much as on race.

Reimer's faith in legislative reform to dissipate the power of privilege may seem startlingly naïve, but he rejects violence since it invites retaliation. His hope, or rather his vision, is that a peaceful revolution will take place in which the nominal holders of power will discover to their chagrin that they have lost their power before the fight begins. This is somewhat like the plaintive "What if they give a war and nobody comes?" question.

It is a fairer and more just world that Reimer is seeking, not merely the disestablishment of schools, and his book ends with exhortations to readers to help achieve this goal. We can start by rejecting power and security as false beacons, he tells us, that lead to the repeated shattering of human hopes. We must lower our consumption, learning to share and conserve. If enough of us would do this, the results would constitute a revolutionary program. Perhaps the most important single thing that individuals can do, he says, is to take back their responsibility for the education of their children.

Is there a danger that defenders of the status quo might use totalitarian measures against those who threaten it? Yes, says Reimer, and only enough people with deep commitments to a sane world who cooperate wisely and stand together would have a chance against the forces of privilege and power. He assures us that "the power of elites declines rapidly when they are forced to rely on violence."

What Reimer would like to see as therapy for a sick society and what he has prescribed through his network system seem regrettably inadequate as solutions. The network proposal, as he outlines it, appears far too frail a reed on which to lean one's hopes for a cleansing and curing of the illnesses and inequities the author sees in society. It is sadly reminiscent, in fact, of the reply that a spokesman at CIDOC gave to the question a student put: "Why don't you convert some of these theories about educational alternatives into practice so that we could have real working models to examine?" The reply: "We are concerned principally with intellection here, with examining ideas. We choose to leave the responsibility for carrying out these ideas to others."

Jack Fields, who spent several weeks at CIDOC last year, teaches English at Great Neck North Senior High School on Long Island.

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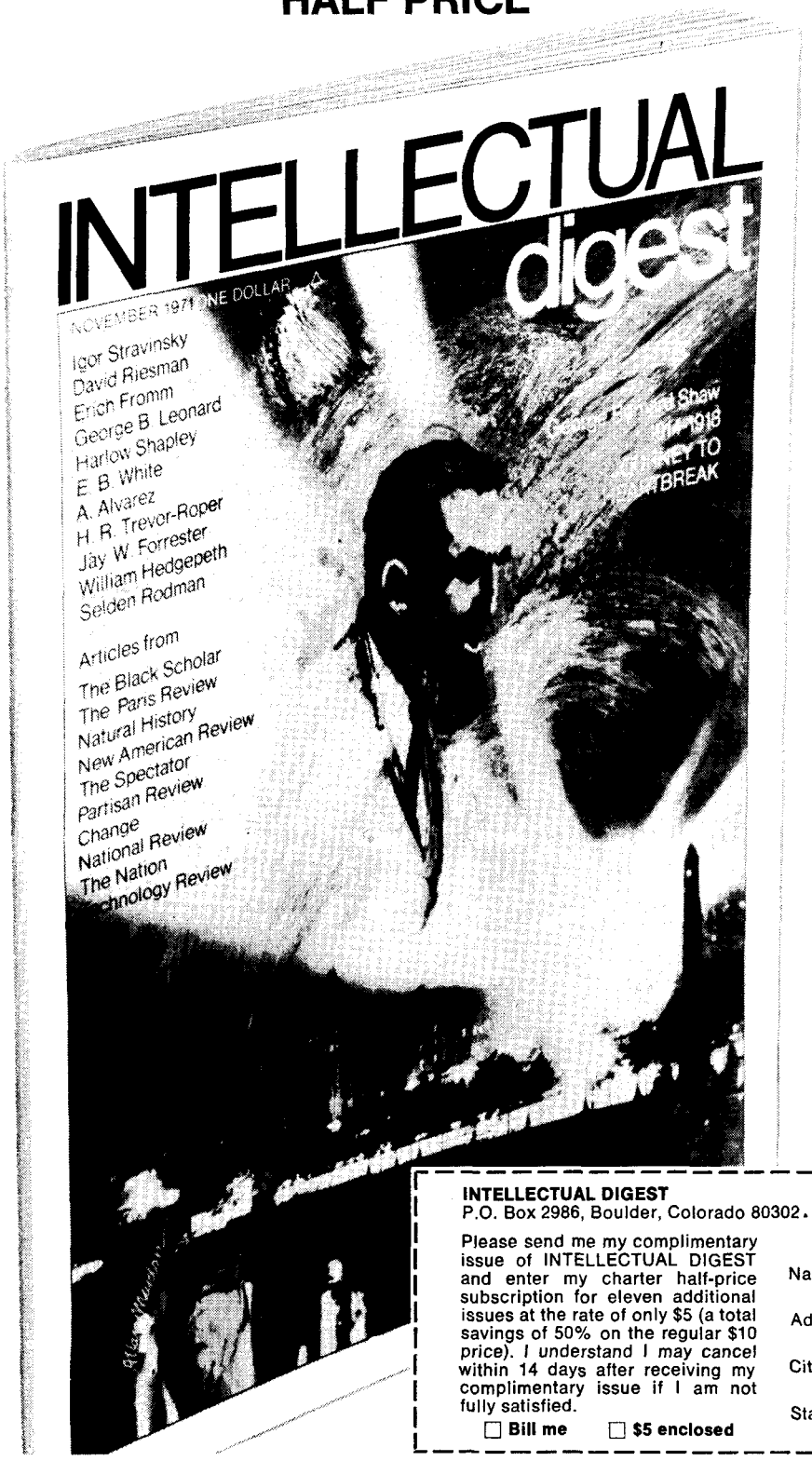

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Letters to the Education Editor

Mini-Schools

Diane Divoky's article "New York's Mini-Schools" [*SR*, Dec. 18] not only illustrates rays of hope about viable alternatives to the urban school program, but also pinpoints one of the difficulties in effecting change. The principal of Haaren subverted the mini-school concept because it no longer remained an alternative to the regular high school but became a continuation of the school's existing ills. How much better it would have been for him to have supported the regular school at the same time he implemented the mini-school demonstration project, using only those teachers who wished to participate. The project could have served as an in-service vehicle for the teachers who remained in the traditional mode the first year.

It is my feeling that Mr. Deutchman typifies many administrators who give only lip service to change. If such people were really committed to reform, they would find ways to make it occur, rather than reinforce the obstacles tradition and bureaucracy have set up. Fostering a viable curriculum and supporting and facilitating valid educational techniques are, after all, the primary responsibility of a principal. Without these areas, a building manager would suffice to run a school.

Dr. E. Gaye McGovern,
Syracuse City School District,
Syracuse, N.Y.

SR's report on New York's mini-schools highlights a key lesson in school reform: It is insufficient to change the structure alone. Attitudes must be changed as well.

As an observer of the mini-school reform, and particularly the activities at Haaren, I would like to state for the record that at least one of the mini-schools there is dealing with attitudinal change. Boys in the pre-tech electronics school have had the benefit of guidance from a Haaren instructor who was convinced that responsibility and real experience outside the classroom can change attitudes. As a result of this concern, we have virtually turned over our corporate videotape studio to approximately forty students studying television theory and operation. Attendance has gone from 60 per cent to over 90 per cent. This group has gained a self-confidence and skill level which could never be learned in a classroom.

David A. Gardner,
Special Projects Director,
Celanese Corporation,
New York, N.Y.

Please let me correct the following quotation that Ms. Divoky attributed to me: "They've just learned to dislike books. I let them read pornography, and they read." What I actually said was that when I had been involved in a special reading program where I was allowed to let my students read *anything*—even pornography, considering that pornography can be said to include Miller, Selby, and many contemporary black poets—they brought in their books and read. Pornography as literary scholars or the federal government might define it was never taught or discussed in any of my classes—certainly not at Harambee.

Currently it is necessary to be explicit about the fact that certain writings are not permitted in public school classrooms. Let us hope for the day when literary merit and relevance, not arbitrary censorship, are the criteria.

Meanwhile, my attempts to help students fully understand the meaning of freedom without license, to help them synthesize their affective and their cognitive processes, to bring joy into the classroom, seem thwarted. I will be leaving Harambee as of February 1. The principals of Hughes, and Haaren high schools informed me one week after Ms. Divoky's article appeared, that neither can maintain me on his payroll because of a cutback in positions. Like other dedicated teachers, I have tried to participate in a small miracle but am right now experiencing the "big troubles" of a jobless teacher caught up in the current educational turmoil.

Esther Levenberg,
New York, N.Y.

Financing Schools

In their otherwise excellent articles on the California Supreme Court decision holding the state's school financing system unconstitutional, both Arthur Wise in "The California Doctrine" and Harold Howe in "Anatomy of a Revolution" [*SR*, Nov. 20] pay only marginal attention to another important dimension of that decision—the taxpayer. The analysis of the decision appropriately places primary emphasis on the child as a victim of the financing system. The cause of action on behalf of the children and their parents is the first cause of action in the *Serrano* complaint. But there is a second cause of action in the form of a class action on behalf of all taxpayers in Los Angeles County. This cause of action alleges that the financing system is unconstitutional because it treats taxpayers unjustly. That is, it is unfair to the taxpayers of Watts and Baldwin Park to get less for their educational dollar than those who live in Beverly Hills. What is frequently misunderstood is that not only do the children of Beverly Hills get a better education than the children of Watts, but they do so even though the tax rate in Beverly Hills is less than that of Watts.

This phenomenon (of poor districts making an unusually high educational effort in the form of high tax rates while "lighthouse" districts tax themselves at a comparatively low rate) is the rule rather than the exception. This second cause of action was also upheld by the California Supreme Court, although with considerably less discussion and emphasis than the cause of action on behalf of the children.

What is most clearly needed now is a legislative response which will be not only fair but politically acceptable. In this context the arbitrariness of the system from the taxpayers' viewpoint may be crucial in precipitating statutory reform. In an era of "taxpayers' revolts," voters may be willing to make a change, if not for their children, then for their pocketbooks.

Sidney M. Wolinsky,
Public Advocates, Inc.,
San Francisco, Calif.

(Mr. Wolinsky represents the children and their parents who are plaintiffs in Serrano vs. Priest. *He filed the original complaint in the case and was the trial counsel who argued the case both at the lower levels and before the California Supreme Court.)*

"Walter! That's my coat!"

Information Management

Peter Schrag, in his editorial "The Right

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to Know" [*SR*, Dec. 18], epitomizes the strident critics who demand rapid and fundamental educational reform. His suggestion that administrators systematically report "basic data about local schools" joins similar pressure from educators desirous of reform. Former U.S. Associate Commissioner of Education Leon Lessinger leads the chorus of demands for "accountability," which he defines as "independent, unbiased review, feedback and report of effectiveness."

Cries for public accountability tap deep American traditions of openness, freedom, a market place of ideas. In this light, from either Schrag's or Lessinger's perspectives, the information practices of public schools are an obvious "travesty" and the path to their reform seems clear.

However, my experiences during the last year, as Jack Wilson and I researched the rash of "performance contracts" in urban school systems [*SR*, Sept. 18], reveal that on the firing line schoolmen are understandably reticent and defensive about the public's "right to know." Schoolmen suffer day-to-day pressures and problems that Schrag and Lessinger choose to ignore. When one sits on a powder keg, he tries not to point to the fuse.

Schools are so much more vulnerable than the Pentagon, to which Schrag compares them, that hostile public reaction can wreak havoc in a school or school system within minutes after information—however accurate—is reported in the press. Knowing this from painful experience, school leaders often take precautions to avoid pain. Schrag's tone telegraphs a kind of crusading hostility toward public schools which many educational journalists and investigators share, myself often included. Understandably, schoolmen are not anxious to supply critics with ammunition.

Schrag points to one of many weaknesses in the practice of American public education. But as Seymour Sarason in *The Culture of the School and the Problem of Change* makes clear, when reformers cannot accept the totality of a situation, the changes they cause are likely to be either harmful or illusory. Usually Peter Schrag's criticism is admirable because of his ability to depict complexity; it is therefore particularly unfortunate when he, of all people, resorts to oversimplified rhetoric—even in the service of a good cause.

James A. Mecklenburger,
Indiana University,
Bloomington, Ind.

I find the notion, as proposed in "The Right to Know," of stationing "a few Daniel Ellsbergs downtown," presumably in the general superintendent's filing cabinet, a thoroughly distasteful solution to the problem of educational news management. We can have a more open society without spies and snoopers, and it all starts with newsmen who deal in facts and not in sweeping generalizations. It ends, of course, with a public that demands nothing less than this.

William D. Lewis,
Millikin University,
Decatur, Ill.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 63:
irks, risk, kris

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(Continued on page 70)

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MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10022.

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(Continued on page 72)

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

(Continued from page 71)

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

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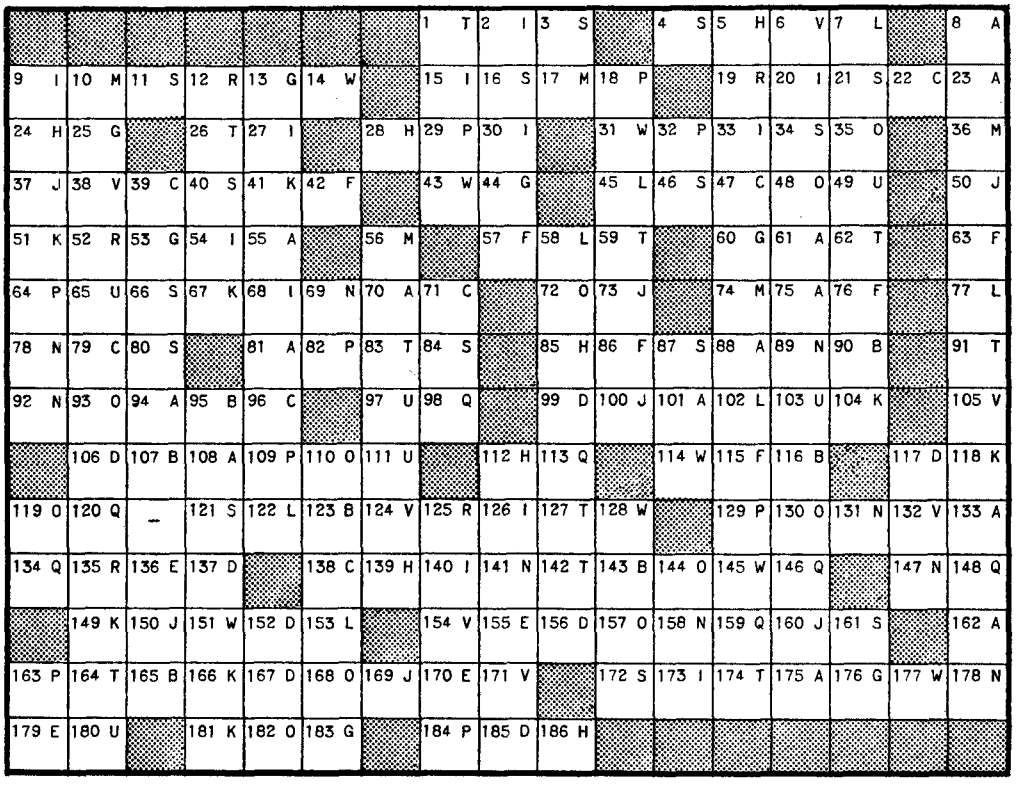
V. Mysterious; uncomfortably strange	38 154 6 105 124 132 171
W. Holding out on the tip, as to a waiter, porter, etc.	14 114 43 177 31 151 145 128



DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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CLUB SODA

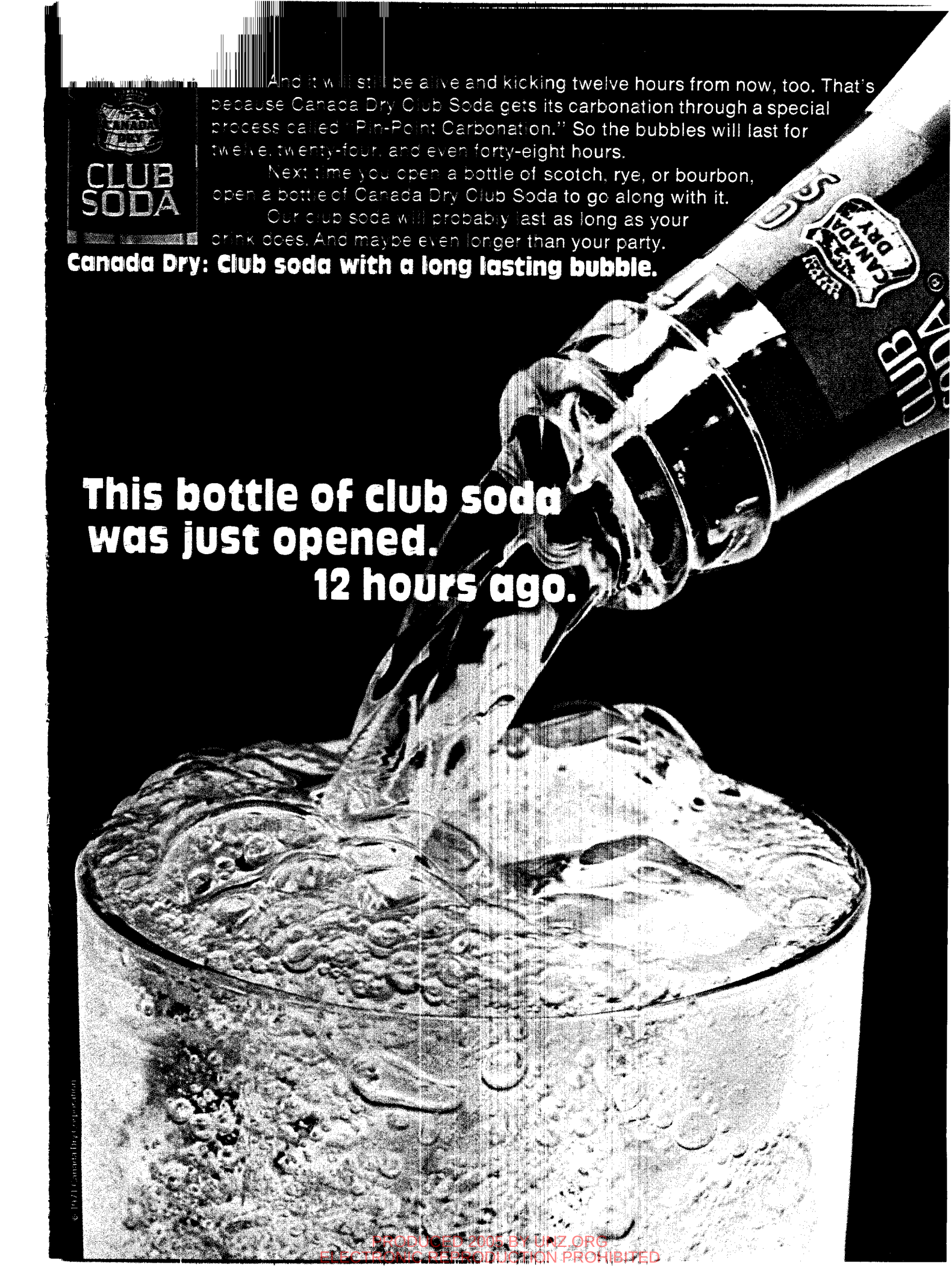
And it will still be alive and kicking twelve hours from now, too. That's because Canada Dry Club Soda gets its carbonation through a special process called "Pin-Point Carbonation." So the bubbles will last for twelve, twenty-four, and even forty-eight hours.

Next time you open a bottle of scotch, rye, or bourbon, open a bottle of Canada Dry Club Soda to go along with it.

Our club soda will probably last as long as your drink does. And maybe even longer than your party.

Canada Dry: Club soda with a long lasting bubble.

This bottle of club soda was just opened. 12 hours ago.



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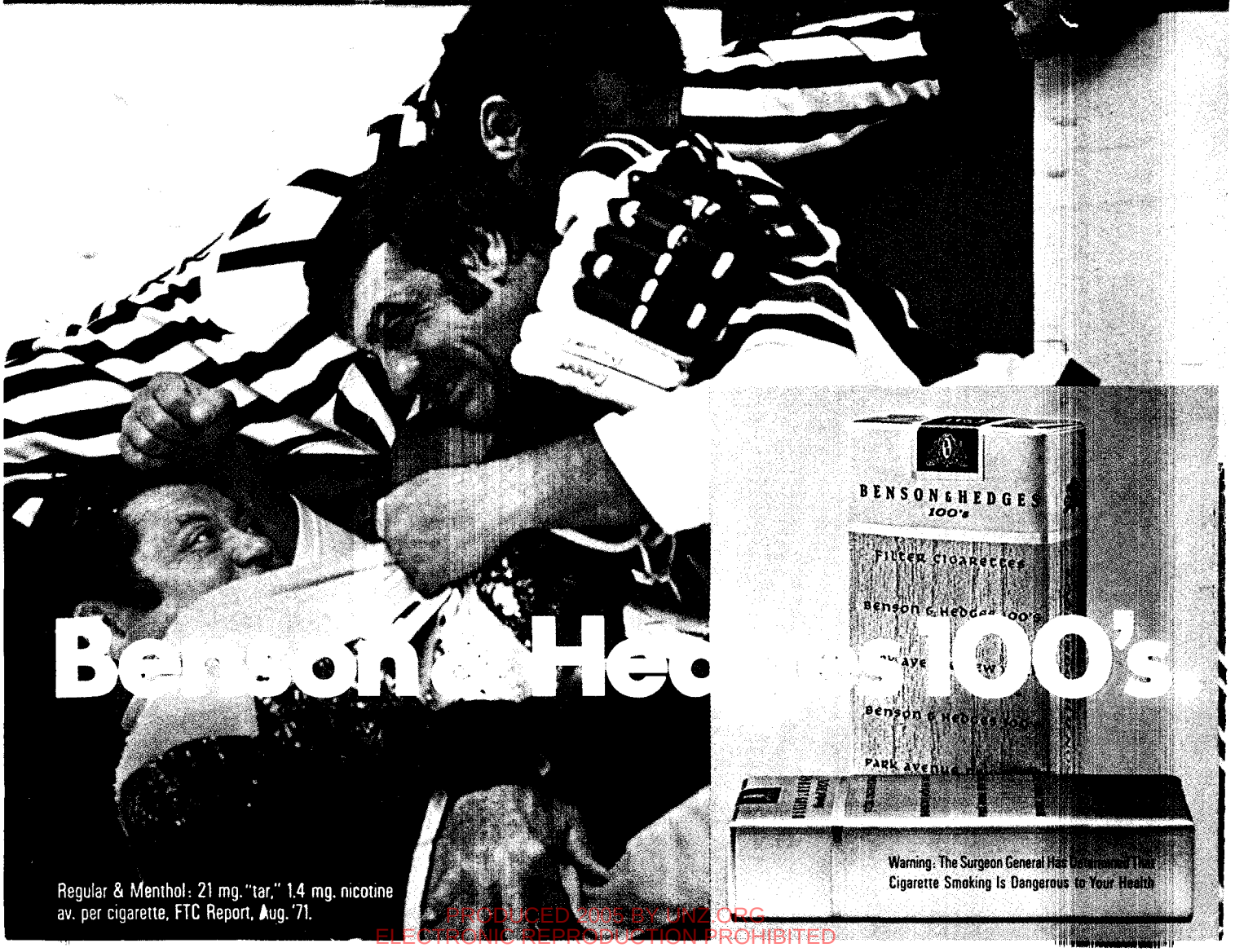

Benson & Hedges 100's.

Regular & Menthol: 21 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '71.

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